

RULE a WIFE,

AND

HAVE a WIFE.

A

COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the THEATRES
of *London* and *Dublin*.

Written by BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.



D U B L I N :

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1st from A. L. Ford



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PROLOGUE.

PLeasure attend ye, and about ye fit
The Springs of Mirth, Fancy, Delight and Wit,
To stir you up, do not your Looks let fall.
Nor to Remembrance our late Errors call,
Because this Day we're Spaniards all again,
The Story of our Play, and our Scene Spain :
The Errors too, do not for this Cause hate,
Now we present their Wit and not their State.
Nor Ladies be not Angry if you see,
A young fresh Beauty, Wanton, and too Free,
Seek to abuse her Husband, still 'tis Spain :
No such gross Errors in your Kingdom reign,
We're Vestals all, and though we blow the Fire,
We seldom make it flame up to Desire,
Take no Example neither to begin,
For some by Precedent delight to Sin :
Nor blame the Poet if he slip aside
Sometimes lasciviously, if not too wide.
But hold your Fanns, and then Smile at Ease,
A cruel Scene did never Lady please.
Nor Gentlemen, pray be not you displeas'd,
Though we present some Men fool'd, some diseas'd,
Some drunk, some mad: We mean not you, you're free,
We tax no farther than our Comedy,
You are our Friends, fit noble then and see. }

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Duke of Medina,
Don Juan de Castro,
Perez,
Alonzo,
Sanchio,
Leon,
Cacafogo,
Lorenzo,

} { *Mr. Resco.*
} { *Mr. R. Elrington.*
} { *Mr. Giffard.*
} { *Mr. Watson.*
} { *Mr. Paget.*
} { *Mr. Layfield.*
} { *Mr. Vanderbank.*
} { *Mr. Sheridan.*

W O M E N.

Margarita,
Estitania,
Altea,
Clara,
Old Woman,
Maid,

} { *Miss Lyddell.*
} { *Mrs. Sterling.*
} { *Mrs. Lester.*
} { *Mrs. Norris.*
} { *Mr. Norris.*
} { *Mr. Alcorn.*

RULE



R U L E a W I F E,

A N D

H A V E a W I F E.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Enter Juan de Castro, and Michael Perez.

Mich. **A** R E your Companies full, Colonel?

Juan. No, not yet, Sir:

Nor will not be this Month yet, as I reckon;

How rises your Command?

Mich. We pick up still, and as our Monies hold out,
We have Men come, about that time I think
We shall be full too, many young Gallants go.

Juan. And unexperienced,
'The Wars are dainty Dreams to young hot Spirits,
'Time and Experience will allay those Visions,
We have strange Things to fill our Numbers,
There's one *Don Leon*, a strange goodly Fellow,
Recommended to me from some noble Friends,
For my *Alferes*, had you but seen his Person,
And what a Giant's Promise it protesteth. [fore too.

Mich. I have heard of him, and that he hath serv'd be-

Juan. But no harm done, nor never meant *Don Michael*,
That came to my Ears yet, ask him a Question,

He blushes like a Girl, and answers little,
To the Point less, he wears a Sword, a good one,
And good Cloaths too, he is whole Skin'd, has no hurt yet,
Good promising Hopes, I never yet heard certainly
Of any Gentleman that saw him angry.

Mich. Preserve him, he'll conclude a Peace if need be,
Many as strong as he will go along with us,
'That swear as valiantly as Heart can wish. [ones,
Their Mouths charg'd with six Oaths at once, and whole
That make the drunken *Dutch* creep into Mole-hills.

Juan. 'Tis true, such we must look for: but, *M. Perez*,
When heard you of *Donna Margarita*, the great Heiress?

Mich. I hear every Hour of her, tho' I never saw her,
She is the main Discourse: noble *Don Juan de Castro*,
How happy were that Man could catch this Wench up,
And live at ease! she is fair, and young, and wealthy,
Infinite wealthy, and as gracious too
In all her Entertainments, as Men report.

Juan. But she is proud, Sir, that I know for certain,
And that comes seldom without Wantonness,
He that shall marry her, must have a rare Hand.

Mich. Would I were married, I would find that Wisdom,
With a light Rein to rule my Wife: If ever Woman
Of the most subtle Mould went beyond me,
I would give the Boys leave to whoot me out o'th Parish.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Sir, there be two Gentlewomen attend to speak
With you.

Juan. Wait on 'em in.

Mich. Are they two handsome Women? [Sir.

Ser. They seem so very handsome, but they are veil'd,

Mich. Thou put'st Sugar in my Mouth, how it melts
I love a sweet young Wench. [with me!

Juan. Wait on them I say. [Exit Servant.

Mich. *Don Juan.*

Juan. How you itch, *Michael!* how you burnish!
Will not this Soldier's Heat out of your Bones yet,
Do your Eyes glow now?

Mich. There be two.

Juan.

Juan. Say honest, what Shame have you then?

Mich. I would fain see that, [Things,
I have been in the *Indies* twice, and have seen strange
But two honest Women; — one I read of once.

Juan. Prithee be modest.

Mich. I'll be any thing.

Enter Servant, Donna Clara, and Estifania veil'd.

Juan. You are welcome, Ladies.

Mich. Both hooded, I like 'em well though,
They come not for Advice in Law sure hither;
May be they would learn to raise the Pike. [dium.
I am for 'em: They are very modest, 'tis a fine prelu-

Juan. With me, or with this Gentleman,
Would you speak, Lady?

Clara. With you, Sir, as I guess, *Juan de Castro.*

Mich. Her Curtain opens, she is a pretty Gentlewoman.

Juan. I am the Man, and shall be bound to Fortune.
I may do any Service to your Beauties.

Clara. Captain, I hear you are marching down to *Flan-*
To serve the Catholick King. (ders,

Juan. I am, sweet Lady.

Clara. I have a Kinsman, and a noble Friend,
Imploy'd in those Wars, may be, Sir, you know him,
Don Campusano Captain of *Carbines*,
To whom I would request your Nobleness,
To give this poor Remembrance. [A Letter.

Juan. I shall do it.

I know the Gentleman, a most worthy Captain.

Clara. Something in private.

Juan. Step aside: I'll tell thee. [Ex. *Juan and Clara.*

Mich. Prithee let me see thy Face.

Estif. Sir, you must pardon me,
Women of our sort who maintain fair Memories,
And keep suspect off from their Chastities,
Had need wear thicker Veils.

Mich. I am no Blaster of a Lady's Beauty,
Nor bold Intruder on her special Favours,
I know how tender Reputation is,

And with what Guards it ought to be preserv'd, Lady,
You may to me.

Estif. You must excuse me, Seignior, I come
Not here to sell my self.

Mich. As I am a Gentleman, by the Honour of a Soldier.

Estif. I believe you.

I pray you be civil, I believe you would see me,
And when you have seen me, I believe you will like me,
But in a strange Place, to a Stranger too,
As if I came on purpose to betray you,
Indeed I will not.

Mich. I shall love you dearly,
And 'tis a Sin to fling away Affection,
I have no Mistress, no Desire to Honour
Any but you, will not this Oyster open?
I know not, you have struck me with your Modesty;
She will draw sure; so deep, and taken from me
All the Desire I might bestow on others,
Quickly before they come.

Estif. Indeed I dare not:
But since I see you are so desirous, Sir,
To view a poor Face that can merit nothing
But your Repentance.

Mich. It must needs be excellent.

Estif. And with what Honesty you ask it of me,
When I am gone let your Man follow me,
And view what House I enter, thither come,
For there I dare be bold to appear open:
And as I like your virtuous carriage then,

Enter Juan, Clara, a Servant.

I shall be able to give welcome to you;
She hath done her Business, I must take my leave, Sir.

Mich. I'll kiss your fair white Hand and thank you,
My Man shall wait and I shall be your Servant; [Lady.
Sirrah, come near, hark.

Serv. I shall do it faithfully.

[Exit.

Juan. You will command me no more Services?

Clara.

Clara. To be careful of your noble Health, dear Sir,
That I may ever honour you.

Juan. I thank you,
And kiss your Hands, wait on the Ladies down there.

[*Exeunt Ladies and Servants.*]

Mich. You had the Honour to see the Face that came
to you? [i>chael?

Juan. And 'twas a fair one; what was yours, *Don Mi-*

Mich. Mine was i'th'clipse, and had a Cloud drawn over
But I believe well, and I hope 'tis handsome, [it.
She had a Hand would stir a holy Hermit

Juan. You know none of 'em?

Mich. No.

Juan. Then I do, Captain,
But I'll say nothing till I see the Proof on't,
Sit close, *Don Perez*, or your Worthip's caught:
I fear a Flye.

Mich. Were those she brought Love-Letters?

Juan. A Packet to a Kinsman now in *Flanders*,
Yours was very modest methought.

Mich. Some young unmanag'd thing,
But I may live to see——

Juan. 'Tis worth Experience,
Let's walk abroad and view our Companies.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Sanchio, and Alonzo

San. What are you for the Wars, *Alonzo*?

Alon. It may be I,

It may be no, e'en as the Humour takes me:
If I find Peace amongst the feinale Creatures;
And easy Entertainment, I'll stay at home,
I am not so far obliged yet to long Marches
And mouldy Biskets, to run mad for Honour,
When you are all gone I have my Choice before me.

San. Of which Hospital thou wilt sweat in; wilt thou
Never leave whoring?

Alon. There is lets Danger in't than gunning *Sanchio*,
Tho' we be shot sometimes, the Shot's not mortal,
Besides, it breaks no Limbs

San.

San. But it disables 'em,
Do'st thou see how thou pull'st thy Legs after thee, as
they hung by Points.

Alon. Better to pull 'em thus than walk on wooden ones,
Serve bravely for a Billet to support me.

San. Fye, fye, 'tis base

Alon. Do'st thou count it base to suffer?
Suffer abundantly? 'tis the Crown of Honour;
You think it nothing to lie twenty Days
Under a Surgeon's Hands that has no Mercy.

San. As thou hast done I'm sure, but I perceive now
Why you desire to stay, the orient Heirefs,
The *Margarita*, Sir.

Alon. I would I had her.

San. They say she will marry.

Alon. I think she will.

San. And marry suddenly, as Report goes too;
She fears her Youth will not hold out, *Alonzo*.

Alon. I would I had the sheathing on't.

San. They say too, •
She has a greedy Eye that must be fed
With more than one Man's Meat.

Alon. Would she were mine,
I would cater for her well enough; but *Sanchio*,
There be too many great men that adore her,
Princes and Princes Fellows, that claim Privilege.

San. Yet those stand off i'th way of Marriage,
To be tied to a Man's Pleasure is a second Labour.

Alon. She has bought a brave House here in Town

San. I have heard so.

Alon. If she convert it now to pious Uses,
And bid poor Gentlemen welcome,

San. When comes she to it?

Alon. Within these two Days, she is in the Country yet,
And keeps the noblest House

San. Then there's some hope of her,
Wilt thou go my Way?

Alon. No, no, I must leave you,
And repair to an old Gentlewoman
That has Credit with her, that can spake a good Word.

San.

San. Send thee good Fortune, but make thy Body sound

Alon. I am a Soldier. [first.

And too sound a Body becomes me not ;

Farewell, *Sanchio*.

[*Exeunt*.

Enter a Servant of Michael Perez.

Ser. 'Tis this or that House, or I have lost my Aim,
They are both fair Buildings, she walked plaguy fast.

Enter Estifania.

And hereabouts I lost her ; stay, that's she,

'Tis very she——she makes me a low Court'sy,

Let me note the Place, the Street I will remember. [*Exit*.

She is in again, certain some noble Lady.

How happy should I be if she love my Master :

A wondrous goodly House, here are brave Lodgings,

And I shall sleep now like an Emperor,

And eat abundantly : I thank my Fortune,

I'll back with Speed, and bring him happy Tidings. [*Exit*.

Enter three old Ladies.

1 *Lady.* What should it mean, that in such haste
We are sent for ?

2 *Lady.* Belike the Lady *Margaret* has some Business
She would break to us in private.

3 *Lady.* It should seem so.
'Tis a good Lady, and a wise young Lady.

2 *Lady.* And virtuous enough too I warrant ye,
For a young Woman of her Years 'tis pity
To load her tender Age with too much Virtue.

3 *Lady.* 'Tis more sometimes than we can well away with.

Enter Alcea.

Alt. Good-morrow, Ladies.

All. Morrow, my good Madam. [*Margaret ?*

1 *Lady.* How does the sweet young Beauty, Lady

2 *Lady.* Has she slept well after her Walk last Night ?

1 *Lady.* Are her Dreams gentle to her Mind ?

Alt.

Alt. All's well,
She's very well, she sent for you thus suddenly
To give her Counsel in a Business
That much concerns her.

2 Lady. She does well and wisely,
To ask the Counsel of the antientest, Madam,
Our Years have run through many things she knows not.

Alt. She would fain marry.

1 Lady. 'Tis a proper Calling,
And well befits her Years, who would she yoke with?

Alt. That's left to argue on. I pray come in
And break your Fast, drink a Cup or two,
To strengthen your Understandings, then she'll tell ye.

2 Lady. And good Wine breeds good Counsel.
We'll yield to ye. [Exeunt.]

Enter Juan de Castro, and Leon.

Juan. Have you seen any Service.

Leon. Yes.

Juan. Where?

Leon. Every where.

Juan. What Office bore ye?

Leon. None, I was not worthy.

Juan. What Captains know you?

Leon. None, they were above me.

Juan. Were you never hurt?

Leon. Not that I well remember:

But once I stole a Hen, and then they beat me;
Pray ask me no long Questions, I have an ill Memory.

Juan. This is an Ass, did you ever draw your Sword

Leon. Not to do any Harm I thank Heav'n for't. [yet?

Juan. Nor ne'er ta'en Prisoner?

Leon. No, I ran away,

For I had ne'er no Money to redeem me.

Juan. Can you endure a Drum?

Leon. It makes my Head ache.

Juan. Are you not valiant when you are drunk?

Leon. I think not, but I am loving, Sir.

Juan. What a Lump is this Man,
Was your Father Wife?

Leon.

Leon. Too wise for me I'm sure,
For he gave all he had to my younger Brother.

Juan. That was no foolish Part, I'll bear you Witness:
Can'st thou lie with a Woman?

Leon. I think I could make a Shift, Sir,
But I am bashful.

Juan. In the Night?

Leon. I know not,
Darkness indeed may do some good upon me.

Juan. Why art thou sent to me to be my Officer,
I and commended too, when thou dar'st not fight?

Leon. There be more Officers of my Opinion,
Or I am cozen'd, Sir, Men that talk more too.

Juan. How wilt thou 'scape a Bullet?

Leon. Why by Chance,
They aim at honourable Men, alas, I am none, Sir. [inc.

Juan. This Fellow has some Doubts in's Talk that strike

Enter Alonzo.

He cannot be all Fool: welcome, *Alonzo*. [Company?

Alon. What have you got there, Temperance into your
The Spirit of Peace? We shall have Wars

Enter Cacafo.

By th' Ounce then. O here's another Pumpion,
Let him loose for Luck Sake, the cram'd Son
Of a starv'd Usurer, *Cacafo*, both their Brains butter'd,
Cannot make two Spoonfuls.

Caca. My Father's dead: I am a Man of War too,
Monies, Demesns; I have Ships at Sea too,
Captains. [leak else.

Juan. Take heed of the Hollanders, your Ships may

Caca. I scorn the Hollanders, they are my Drunkards.

Alon. Put up your Gold, Sir, I'll borrow it else.

Caca. I am satisfied, you shall not,
Come out, I know thee, meet mine Anger instantly.

Leon. I never wrong'd ye.

Caca. Thou hast wronged mine Honour.
Thou look'st upon my Mitrefs thrice lasciviously,
I'll make it good.

Juan.

Juan. Do not heat your self, you will surfeit.

Caca. Thou want'st my Money too, with a Pair of
base Bones,

In whom there was no Truth, for which I beat thee,
I beat thee much, now I will hurt thee dangerously.

This shall provoke thee. [He Strikes.]

Alon. You struck too low by a Foot, Sir.

Juan. You must get a Ladder when you would beat
This Fellow.

Leon. I cannot chuse but kick again, pray pardon me.

Caca. Hadst thou not ask'd my Pardon, I had kill'd thee,
I leave thee as a Thing despis'd, *affoles manus a vostra
siniare a Maistre.* [Exit Caca.]

Alon. You have scap'd by Miracle, there is not in all
A Spirit of more Fury than this Fire-drake. [Spain.]

Leon. I see he is hasty, and I would give him leave
To beat me soundly if he would take my Bond.

Juan. What shall I do with this Fellow?

Alon. Turn him off,
He will infect the Camp with Cowardise,
If he go with thee.

Juan. About some Weeks hence, Sir,
If I can hit upon no abler Officer,
You shall hear from me.

Leon. I desire no better. [Exit.]

Enter Estifania, and Perez.

Per. You have made me now too bountiful Amends,
For your first strict Carriage when you saw me first, [Lady.
These Beauties were not meant to be conceal'd,
It was a Wrong to hide so sweet an Object,
I could now chide ye, but it shall be thus,
No other Anger ever touch your Sweetness.

Estif. You appear to me so honest, and so civil,
Without a Blush, Sir, I dare bid you welcome.

Per. Now let me ask your Name.

Estif. 'Tis *Estifania*, the Heir of this poor Place.

Per. Poor do you call it?

There's nothing that I can cast my Eyes upon,
But shows both rich and admirable, all the Rooms

Are

Are hung as if a Princess were to dwell here,
The Gardens, Orchards, every Thing so curious :
Is all that Plate your own too ?

Estif. 'Tis but little,
Only for present Use, I have more, and richer,
When Need shall call, or Friends compel me use it,
The Suits you see of all the upper Chamber,
Are those that commonly adorn the House,
I think I have besides, as fair, as civil,
As any Town in *Spain* can parallel.

Per. Now if she be not married, I have some Hopes :
Are you a Maid ?

Estif. You make me blush to answer :
I was ever counted so to this Hour,
And that's the Reason I live retir'd, Sir.

Per. Then would I counsel you to marry presently,
(If I can get her I am made for ever)
For every Year you lose, you lose a Beauty.
A Husband now, an honest careful Husband,
Were such a Comfort : Will ye walk up Stairs ?

Estif. This Place will fit our Talk, 'tis fitter far, Sir,
Above there are Day-beds, and such Temptations
I dare not trust, Sir.

Per. She is excellent and wise withal too.

Estif. You nam'd a Husband, I am not so strict, Sir,
Nor ty'd unto a Virgin's Solitariness,
But if an honest, and a noble One,
Rich, and a Soldier, for so I have vow'd he shall be,
Were offer'd me, I think I should accept him,
But above all he must Love.

Per. He were base else,
There's Comfort ministred in the Word Soldier,
How sweetly should I live ?

Estif. I am not so ignorant, but that I know well,
How to command,
And how again to make my self obey'd, Sir,
I waste but little, I have gather'd much,
My Rial not the less worth, when 'tis spent,
If spent by my Direction to please my Husband,
I hold it as indifferent in my Duty,

To be his Maid i'th Kitchen, or his Cook,
As in the Hall to know my self the Mistress.

Per. Sweet, Rich, and Provident, now Fortune stick
To me; I am a Soldier, and a Batchelor, Lady,
And such a Wife as you I could love infinitely,
They that use many Words, some are deceitful,
I long to be a Husband, and a good one,
For 'tis most certain I shall make a President
For all that follow me to love their Ladies,
I am young you see, able I would have you think too,
If't please you now, try me before you take me.
'Tis true I shall not meet in equal Wealth
With ye, but Jewels, Chains, such as the War
Has given me, a Thousand Ducats I dare
Presume on in ready Gold, now as your
Care may handle it, as rich Cloaths too, as
Any he bears Arms, Lady.

Estif. You are a true Gentleman, and fair, I see by ye;
And such a Man I had rather take.

Per. Pray do so, I'll have a Priest o'th sudden.

Estif. And as suddenly you will repent too.

Per. I'll be hang'd or drown'd first,
By this and this, and this Kiss.

Estif. You are a Flatterer,
But I must say, there was something when I saw you
First, in that most noble Face, that stir'd my Fancy.

Per. I'll stir it better ere you sleep, sweet Lady,
I'll send for all my Trunks and give up all to ye,
Into your own Dispose, before I bed ye,
And then, sweet Wench.

Estif. You have the Art to cozen me.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Margarita, two Ladies, and Altea.

Marg. **S**IT down and give me your Opinions seriously.
1 Lady. You say you have a mind to marry,
Lady.

Marg. 'Tis true, I have for to preserve my Credit,
 Yet not so much for that as for my State, Ladies.
 Conceive me right, there lies the Main o'th' Question,
 Credit I can redeem, Money will imp it,
 But when my Money's gone, when the Law shall
 Seize that, and for incontinency strip me
 Of all.

1 Lady. Do you find your Body so malicious that way?

Marg. I find it as all Bodies are, that are young and
 Lazy, and high-fed, I desire my Pleasure, [lusty,
 And Pleasure I must have,

2 Lady. 'Tis fit you should have.

Your Years require it, and 'tis necessary,
 As necessary as meat to a young Lady,
 Sleep cannot nourish more.

1 Lady. But might not all this be, and keep ye single,
 You take away variety in Marriage,
 The Abundance of the Pleasure you are bar'd then,
 Is't not Abundance that you aim at?

Marg. Yes, why was I made a Woman?

2 Lady. And every Day a new?

Marg. Why fair and young, but to use it?

1 Lady. You are still i'th' right, why would you
 marry then?

Alt. Because a Husband stops all Doubts in this Point,
 And clears all Passages.

2 Lady. What Husband mean ye?

Alt. An Husband of an easy Faith, a Fool,
 Made by her Wealth, and moulded to her Pleasure,
 One though he see himself become a Monster,
 Shall hold the Door, and entertain the Maker.

B

2 Lady.

2 *Lady*. You grant there may be such a Man.

1 *Lady*. Yes marry, but how to bring 'em to this rare Perfection.

2 *Lady*. They must be chosen so, Things of no Honour, Nor outward Honesty.

Marg. No, 'tis no matter :
I care not what they are, so they be lusty.

2 *Lady*. Methinks now a rich Lawyer, some such That carries Credit, and a Face of Awe, [Fellow,
But lies with nothing but his Clients Business.

Marg. No, there's no trusting them, they are too subtil,
The Law has moulded 'em of natural Mischief.

1 *Lady*. Then some grave Governor,
Some Man of Honour, yet an easy Man.

Marg. If he have Honour I'm undone, I'll none such,
I'll have a lusty Man, Honour will cloy me.

Alt. 'Tis fit you should, Lady ;
And to that End, with Search, and Wit and Labour,
I have found one out, a right one and a perfect.
He is made as strong as Brass, is of brave Years too,
And doughty of Complexion.

Marg. Is he a Gentleman ?

Alt. Yes, and a Soldier, as gentle as you could wish him,
A good Fellow, wears good Cloaths.

Marg. Those I'll allow him,
They are for my Credit, does he understand
But little ?

Alt. Very little.

Marg. 'Tis the better,
Have not the Wars bred him up to Anger ?

Alt. No, he will not quarrel with a Dog that bites him,
Let him be drunk or sober, is one Silence.

Marg. He has no Capacity what Honour is ?
For that's the Soldier's God.

Alt. Honour's a Thing too subtil for his Wisdom,
If Honour lie in eating, he is Right Honourable.

Marg. Is he so goodly a Man do you say ?

Alt. As you shall see, Lady,
But to all this is but a Trunk.

Marg.

Marg. I would have him so,
I shall add Branches to him to adorn him.
Go find me out this Man, and let me see him,
If he be that Motion that you tell me of,
And make no more Noise, I shall entertain him,
Let him be here.

Alt. He shall attend your Ladyship.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Juan, Alonzo and Perez.

Juan. Why thou art not married indeed ?

Perez. No, no, pray think so,
Alas, I am a Fellow of no Reckoning,
Nor worthy a Lady's Eye.

Alon. Would'st thou steal a Fortune,
And make none of all thy Friends acquainted with it,
Nor bid us to thy Wedding ?

Per. No indeed,
There was no Wisdom in't, to bid an Artist,
An old Seducer, to a Female Banquet.
I can cut up my Pie without your Instructions.

Juan. Was it the Wench in th' Veil ?

Per. Baste 'twas she,
The prettiest Rogue that e'er you look'd upon,
The loving'st Thief.

Juan. And she is rich withal too ? [Colonel,

Per. A Mine, a Mine, there is no need of Wealth,
I am an Ass, a bashful Fool ; prithee, Colonel,
How do the Companies fill now ?

Juan. You are merry, Sir,
You intend a safer War at home belike now.

Per. I do not think I shall fight much this Year, Colo-
I find my self given to my Ease, a little, [nel,
I care not if I sell my foolish Company,
They are Things of Hazard.

Alon. How it angers me,
This Fellow at first Sight should win a Lady,
A rich young Wench, and I that have consum'd
My Time and Art in searching out their Subtilties,

Like a fool'd Alchymist blow up my Hopes still ?
When shall we come to thy House and be freely merry ?

Per. When I have manag'd her a little more,
I have an House to entertain an Army.

Alt. If thy Wife be fair, thou wilt have few less
Come to thee. [Signior]

Per. But where they'll get Entertainment is the Point
I beat no Drum.

Alon. You need none but her Taber ;
May be, I'll march after a Month or two,
To get me a fresh Stomach, I find Colonel
A Wantonness in Wealth, methinks I agree not with,
'Tis such a Trouble to be married too,
And have a thousand Things of great Importance.
Jewels and Plates, and Fooleries molest me,
To have a Man's Brains whimsied with his Wealth :
Before I walk contentedly.

Enter Servant.

Ser. My Mistress, Sir, is sick, because you are absent
She mourns and will not eat.

Per. Alas! my Jewel,
Come, I'll go with thee, Gentlemen, your fair Leaves,
You see I am ty'd a little to my Yoke ;
Pray pardon me, wou'd you had both such loving Wives

Juan. I thank ye [Ex. Perez, Servant]
For your old Boots, never be blank *Alonz* ;
Because this Fellow has out-stript thy Fortune.
Tell me ten Days hence what he is, and how
The gracious State of Matrimony stands with him,
Come, let's to Dinner, when *Margarita* comes
We'll visit both, it may be then your Fortune.

[Exeunt]

Enter Margarita, Altea, and Ladies.

Marg. Is he come ?

Alt. Yes, Madam, h'as been here this half Hour,
I have question'd him of all that you can ask him.

And find him as fit as you have made the Man:
He will make the goodliest shadow for Iniquity.

Marg. Have you search'd him, Ladies?

Omnes. Is a Man at all Points, a likely Man.

Marg. Call him in, *Altea*.

[*Ex. Altea.*]

Enter Leon, and Altea.

A Man of good Presence, pray ye, come this Way,
Of a lusty Body, is his Mind so tame?

Alt. Pray ye question him, and if you find him not
Fit for your Purpose, shake him off, there's no harm
Done.

Marg. Can you love a young Lady? How he blushes!

Alt. Leave twirling your Hat, and hold your Head up,
And speak to th' Lady.

Leon. Yes, I think I can,

I must be taught. I know not what it means, Madam.

Marg. You shall be taught, and can you when she
Go ride abroad, and stay a Week or two? [pleases

You shall have Men and Horses to attend ye,
And Money in your Purse.

Leon. Yes, I love riding,

And when I am from home, I am so merry.

Marg. Be as merry as you will: can you as handsomely
When you are sent for back, come with Obedience,

And do your Duty to the Lady loves you?

Leon. Yes sure, I shall.

Marg. And when you see her Friends here,
Or noble Kinsmen, can you entertain

Their Servants in the Cellar, and be busied,
And hold your Peace, what e'er you see or hear of?

Leon. 'Twere fit I were hang'd else.

Marg. Let me try your Kisses,

How the Fool shakes, I will not eat ye, Sir,
Bethrew my Heart, he kisses wond'rous manly,
Can ye do any thing else?

Leon. Indeed I know not?

But if your Ladyship will please to instruct me,
Sure I shall learn.

Marg. You shall then be instructed :
If I should be this Lady that affects ye,
Nay, say I marry ye ?

Alt. Hark to the Lady.

Marg. What Money have ye ?

Leon. None, Madam, nor Friends,
I wou'd do any thing to serve your Ladyship.

Marg. You must not look to be my Master, Sir,
Nor talk i'th' House, as though you wore the Breeches,
No, nor command in any Thing.

Leon. I will not,
Alas, I am not able, I have no Wit, Madam.

Marg. Nor do not labour to arrive at any,
'Twill spoil your Head, I take ye upon Charity,
And like a Servant ye must be unto me,
As I behold your Duty I shall love ye,
And as you observe me, I may chance lye with ye,
Can you mark these ?

Leon. Yes, indeed forsooth.

Marg. There is one Thing,
That if I take ye in I put ye from me,
Utterly from me, you must not be saucy,
No, nor at any time familiar with me,
Scarce know me, when I call ye not.

Leon. I will not, alas I never knew my self sufficiently

Marg. Nor must now.

Leon. I'll be a Dog to please ye.

Marg. Indeed you must fetch and carry as I appoint ye

Leon. I were to blame else.

Marg. Kiss me again ; a strong Fellow,
There is a Vigour in his Lips : If you see me
Kiss any other, twenty in an Hour, Sir,
You must not start, nor be offended.

Leon. No, if you kiss a thousand, I shall be contented
It will the better teach me how to please ye.

Alt. I told ye, Madam.

Marg. 'Tis the Man I wisht for ; the less you speak—

Leon. I'll ne'er speak again, Madam,
But when you charge me, then I'll speak softly too.

Marg.

Marg. Get me a Priest, I'll wed him instantly,
But when you are married, Sir, you must wait
Upon me, and see you observe my Laws.

Leon. Else you shall hang me.

Marg. I'll give ye better Clothes when you deserve 'em,
Come in, and serve for Witness.

Omnes. We shall, Madam.

Marg. And then away to the City presently,
I'll to my new House, and new Company.

Leon. A thousand Crowns are thine, and I am a made

Alt. Do not break out too soon.

[*Man.*

Leon. I know my time, Wench.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Clara, and Estifania with a Paper.

Clara. What, have you caught him ?

Estif. Yes.

Clara. And do you find him

A Man of those Hopes that you aim'd at ?

Estif. Yes, too,

And the most kind Man, and the ablest also
To give a Wife Content, he is sound as old Wine,
And to his Soundness rises on the Palate,
And there's the Man ; find him rich too, *Clara.*

Clara. Hast thou married him ?

Estif. What dost thou think I fish without a Bait, Wench ?

I bob for Fools ; he is mine own, I have him,
I told thee what would tickle him like a Trout,
And as I cast it, so I caught him daintily,
And all he has I have 'stow'd at my Devotion.

Clara. Does thy Lady know this ? she is coming now
Now to live here in this House. [to Town.

Estif. Let her come,

She shall be welcome, I am prepar'd for her,
She is mad sure, if she be angry at my Fortune,
For what I have made bold.

Clara. Do'st thou not love him ?

Estif. Yes, intirely well,

As long as there he stays and looks no farther
Into my Ends, but when he doubts, I bate him,

And that wife Hate will teach me how to cozen him :
 How to decline their Wives, and curb their Manners,
 To put a stern and strong Rein to their Natures,
 And holds he is an Ass not worth Acquaintance,
 That cannot mould a Devil to Obedience,
 I owe him a good Turn for these Opinions,
 And as I find his Temper, I may pay him.

Enter Perez.

O here he is, now you shall see a kind Man.

Per. My *Estifania*, shall we to Dinner, Lamb?
 I know thou stay'st for me.

Estif. I cannot eat else.

Per. I never enter but me thinks a Paradise
 Appears about me.

Estif. You are welcome to it, Sir.

Per. I think I have the sweetest Seat in *Spain*, Wench,
 Methinks the richest too, we'll eat i'th' Garden
 In one o'th' Arbours, there 'tis cool and pleasant,
 And have our Wine cool'd in the running Fountain,
 Who's that?

Estif. A Friend of mine, Sir.

Per. Of what Breeding?

Estif. A Gentlewoman, Sir.

Per. What Business has she?

Is she a learned Woman i'th' Mathematicks,
 Can she tell Fortunes?

Estif. More than I know, Sir.

Per. Or has she e'er a Letter from a Kinswoman,
 That must be delivered in my Absence, Wife,
 Or comes she from the Doctor to salute ye,
 And learn your Health? she looks not like a Confessor.

Estif. What need all this, why are you troubled, Sir?
 What do you suspect, she cannot cuckold ye,
 She is a Woman, Sir, a very Woman.

Per. Your very Woman may do very well, Sir,
 Toward the Matter, for though she cannot perform it
 In her own Person, she may do it by Proxy,
 Your rarest Jugglers work still by Conspiracy.

Estif.

Estif. Cry ye Mercy, Husband, you are jealous then,
And happily suspect me.

Per. No, indeed, Wife.

Estif. Methinks you should not till you have more Cause,
And clearer too: I am sure you have heard say, Husband,
A Woman forc'd, will free herself thro' Iron:
A happy, calm, and good Wife discontented,
May be taught Tricks.

Per. No, no, I do but jest with ye.

Estif. To-morrow, Friend, I'll see you.

Clara. I shall leave ye

Till then, and pray all may go sweetly with ye. [*Exit.*

Estif. Why where's this Girl, who's at the Door?

Per. Who knocks there?

[*Knock.*

Is't for the King ye come, you knock so boisterously?
Look to the Door.

Enter Maid.

Maid. My Lady, as I live, Mistress, my Lady's come,
She's at the Door, I peep through, and I saw her,
And a stately Company of Ladies with her. [*her,*

Estif. This was a Week too soon, but I must meet with
And set a new Wheel going, and a subtle one,
Must blind this mighty *Mars*, or I am ruin'd.

Per. What are they at Door?

Estif. Such, my *Michael*,
As you may bless the Day they enter'd there,
Such for our Good.

Per. 'Tis well.

Estif. Nay, 'twill be better
If you will let me but dispose the Business,
And be a stranger to it, and not disturb me.
What have I now to do but to advance your Fortune?

Per. Do, I dare trust thee, I am asham'd, I am angry,
I find thee a wise young Wife.

Estif. I'll wife your Worship
Before I leave ye, pray ye walk by and say nothing,
Only salute them, and leave the rest to me, Sir,
I was born to make ye a Man.

Per.

Per. The Rogue speaks heartily, [her,
 Her Good-will colours in her Cheeks, I am born to love
 I must be gentler to these tender Natures,
 A Soldier's rude harsh Words besit not Ladies,
 Nor must we talk to them as we talk to
 Our Officers, I'll give her way, for 'tis for me she
 Works now, I am Husband, Heir, and all she has.

Enter Margarita, Estifania, Leon, Altea, and Ladies.

Who are these, what flanting Things, a Woman
 Of rare Presence! excellent, fair, this is too big
 For a Bawdy-house, too open seated too.

Estif. My Husband, Lady.

Marg. You have gain'd a proper Man.

Per. What e'er I am, I am your Servant, Lady. [*Kisses.*

Estif. Sir, be rul'd now,

And I shall make ye rich, this is my Cousin,
 That Gentleman dotes on her even to Death, see how he

Fer. She is a goodly Woman. [observes her.

Estif. She is a Mirrour,

But she is poor, she were for a Prince's side else,
 This House she has brought him to as to her own,
 And presuming upon me, and upon my Courtesy,
 Conceive me short, he knows not but she is wealthy,
 Or if he did know otherwise, 'twere all one,
 He is so far gone.

Per. Forward, she has a rare Face.

Estif. This we must carry with Discretion, Husband,
 And yield unto her for four Days.

Per. Yield our House up, our Goods and Wealth?

Estif. All this is but in seeming,

To milk the lover on, do you see this Writing,
 Two hundred Pounds a Year when they are married,
 Has she sealed to for our Good; the Time's unfit now,
 I'll shew it you to-morrow.

Per. All the House?

Estif. All, all, and we'll remove too, to confirm him,
 They'll into the Country suddenly again
 After they are matcht, and then she'll open to him.

Per.

Per. The whole Possession Wife? look what you do,
A Part o'th' House.

Estif. No, no, they shall have all,
And take their Pleasure too, 'tis for our 'vantage.
Why, what's four Days? had you a Sister, Sir,
A Niece or Mistrefs that required this Courtesy,
And should I make a Scruple to do you Good?

Per. If easily it would come back.

Estif. I swear, Sir,
As easily as it came on, is't not pity
To let such a Gentlewoman for a little Help ———
You give away no House.

Per. Clear but that Question.

Estif. I'll put the Writings into your Hand.

Per. Well then.

Estif. And you shall keep them safe.

Per. I am satisfied; wou'd I had the Wench so too.

Estif. When she has married him,
So infinite his Love is linkt unto her,
You, I, or any one that helps at this Pinch
May have Heaven knows what.

Per. I'll remove the Goods straight.
And take some poor House by, 'tis but for four Days.

Estif. I have a poor old Friend; there we'll be.

Per. 'Tis well then.

Estif. Go handsome off, and leave the House clear.

Per. Well.

Estif. That little Stuff we'll use shall follow after,
And a Boy to guide ye, Peace and we're made both.

Marg. Come, let's go in, are all the Rooms kept sweet,
Wench?

Estif. They are sweet and neat. (*Exit Perez.*)

Marg. Why, where's your Husband?

Estif. Gone, Madam.

When you come to your own he must give Place, Lady.

Marg. Well, send you Joy, you would not let me know't,
Yet I shall not forget ye.

Estif. Thank your Ladyship. [*Exeunt.*]

A C T

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Margarita, Altea, and Boy.

Alt. **A**RE you at ease now? is your Heart at rest?
Now you have got a Shadow, an *Umbrella*,
To keep the scorching World's Opinion
From your fair Credit.

Marg. I am at Peace, *Altea*,
If he continue but the same he shews,
And be a Master of that Ignorance
He outwardly professes, I am happy,
The Pleasure I shall live in and the Freedom,
Without the Squint Eye of the Law upon me,
Or prating Liberty of Tongues, that envy.

Alt. You are a made Woman.

Marg. But if he should prove now
A crafty and dissembling Kind of Husband,
One read in Knavery, and brought up in the Art
Of Villainy conceal'd.

Alt. My Life, an Innocent.

Marg. That's it I aim at,
That's it I hope too, then I am sure I rule him,
For Innocents are like obedient Children,
Brought up under a hard Mother in-law, a cruel,
Who being not us'd to Breakfasts and Collations,
When they have coarse Bread offer'd 'em are thankful,
And take it for a Favour too. Are the Rooms
Made ready to entertain my Friends? I long to dance now
And to be wanton; let me have a Song, is the great
Couch up,
The Duke of *Medina* sent?

Alt. 'Tis up and ready.

Marg. And Day-beds in all Chambers?

Alt.

Alt. In all, Lady,
Your House is nothing now but various Pleasures,
The Gallants begin to gaze too.

Marg. Let 'em gaze on,
I was brought up a Courtier, high and happy,
And Company is my Delight, and Courtship,
And handsome Servants at my Will: Where's my good
Where does he wait? [Husband,

Alt. He knows his Distance, Madam,
I warrant ye he is busy in the Cellar,
Amongst his Fellow Servants, or asleep,
Till your Command awake him.

Enter Leon.

Marg. 'Tis well, *Altea*.
It should be so, my Ward I must preserve him;
Who sent for him, how dare he come uncall'd for,
His Bonnet on too?

Alt. Sure he sees you not.

Marg. How scornfully he looks!

Leon. Are all the Chambers
Deck't and adorn'd thus for my Lady's Pleasure?
New Hangings every Hour for Entertainment,
And new Plate bought, new Jewels to give Lustre?

Ser. They are, and yet there must be more and richer,
It is her will.

Leon. Hum, is it so? 'tis excellent,
It is her Will too, to have Feasts and Banquets,
Revels and Banquets,
Revels and Matques.

Ser. She ever lov'd 'em dearly,
And we shall have the bravest House kept now, Sir.
I must not call ye Master, she has warn'd me,
Nor must not put my Hat off to ye.

Leon. 'Tis no Fashion,
What though I be her Husband, I am your Fellow,
I may cut first.

Ser. That's as you shall deserve, Sir.

Leon. And when I lie with her.

Ser.

Ser. May be I'll light ye,
On the same Point you may do me that Service.

Enter one Lady.

1 Lady. Madam, the Duke *Medina* with some Captains
Will come to Dinner, and have sent rare Wine,
And their best Services.

Marg. They shall be welcome,
See all be ready in the noblest Fashion,
The House perfum'd, now I shall take my Pleasure,
And not my Neighbour Justice maunder at me;
Go, get your best Cloaths on, but till I call ye,
Before you be not seen, dine with the Gentlewomen,
And behave your self cleanly; Sir, 'tis for my Credit.

Enter 2d, Lady.

2 Lady. Madam, the Lady *Julia*.

Leon. That's a Bawd,

A three pil'd Bawd, Bawd-major to the Army. [dyshipi.

2 Lady. Has brought her Coach to wait upon your La-
And to be inform'd if you will take the Air this Morning.

Leon. The neat Air of her Nunnery.

Marg. Tell her no, i'th' Afternoon I'll call on her.

2 Lady. I will, Madam. [Exit.

Marg. Why are not you gone to prepare your self,
May be you shall be sewer to the Fire-course,
A portly Presence; *Altea*, he looks lean,
'Tis a wash Knave, he will not keep his Flesh well.

Alt. A willing, Madam, one that needs no spurring.

Leon. Faith, Madam, in my little Understanding,
You had better entertain your honest Neighbours,
Your Friends about ye, that may speak well of ye,
And give a worthy Mention of your Bounty.

Marg. How now, what's this?

Leon. 'Tis only to perswade ye,
Courtiers are but tickle Things to deal withal,
A Kind of march-pane Men that will not last, Madam,
An Egg and Pepper goes farther than their Portions,

And

And in a well built Body, a poor Parsnip
Will play his Prize above their strong Potabiles.

Marg. The Fellow's mad.

Leon. He that shall counsel Ladies,
That have both liquorish and ambitious Eyes,
Is either mad, or drunk, let him speak Gospel.

Alt. He breaks out modestly.

Leon. Pray ye be not angry,
My Indiscretion has made bold to tell ye,
What you'll find true.

Marg. Thou dar'st not talk.

Leon. Not much, Madam,
You have a Tye upon your Servant's Tongue,
He dares not be so bold as Reason bids him,
'Twere fit there were a stronger on your Temper:
Ne'er look so stern upon me, I am your Husband,
But what are Husbands? read the new World's Wonders,
Such Husbands as this monstrous World produces,
And you will scarce find such Deformities,
They are Shadows to conceal your venial Virtues,
Sails to your Mills, that grind with all Occasions,
Balls that lie by you, to wash out your Stains,
And Bills nail'd up with Horn before your Stories,
To rent out last.

Marg. Do you hear him talk?

Leon. I have done, Madam,

An Ox once spoke, as learned Men deliver ;
Shortly I shall be such, then I'll speak Wonders,
Till when, I tye my self to my Obedience. [Exit.

Marg. First I'll unty my self, did you mark the Gentle-
How boldly, and how sawcily he talk'd, [man,
And how unlike the Lump I took him for,
The Piece of ignorant Dough, he stood up to me
And maid my Commands, this was your Providence,
Your Wisdom, to elect this Gentleman,
Your excellent Forecast in the Man, your Knowledge,
What think ye now?

Alt. I think him an Ass still,
This Boldness some of your People have blown
Into him, this Wisdom too with strong Wine.

'Tis

'Tis a Tyrant, and a Philosopher also, and finds
Out Reasons.

Marg. I'll have my Cellar lockt, no School kept there,
Nor no Discovery. I'll turn my Drunkards,
Such as are Understanding in their Draughts;
And dispute learnedly the Why's and Wherefore's,
To Grass immediately, I'll keep all Fools,
Sober or drunk, still Fools that shall know nothing,
Nothing belongs to Mankind but Obedience.
And such a Hand I'll keep over this Husband.

Alt. He will fall again, my Life he cries by this Time,
Keep him from Drink, he has a high Constitution.

Enter Leon.

Leon. Shall I wear my new suit, Madam?

Marg. No your old Clothes,
And get you into the Country presently,
And see my Hawks well trim'd, you shall have Victuals
Such as are fit for saucy Palates, Sir,
And Lodgings with the Hinds. it is too good too.

Alt. Good Madam, be not so rough, with Repentance,
You see now he's come round again.

Marg. I see not what I expect to see.

Leon. You shall see, Madam, if it shall please your La-

Alt. He's humbled, [dyship.
Forgive, good Lady.

Marg. Well go get you handsome,
And let me hear no more.

Leon. Have ye yet no feeling?
I'll pinch ye to the Bones, then, my proud Lady. [Exit

Marg. See you preserve him thus upon my Favour,
You know his Temper, tye him to the Grindstone,
The next Rebellion I'll be rid of him,
I'll have no needy Rascals, I tye to me,
Dispute my Life: come in and see all handsome.

Alt. I hope to see you so too, I have wrought ill else.
[Exeunt

Enter

Enter Perez.

Per. Shall I never return to mine own House again?
We are lodg'd here in the miserablest Dog-hole,
A Conjuror's Circle gives content above it,
A Hawk's Mew is a princely Palace to it,
We have a Bed no bigger than a Basket,
And there we lie like Butter clapt together,
And sweat our selves to Sawce immediately,
The Fumes are infinite inhabit here too ;
And to that so thick ; they cut like Marmalet,
So various too, they'll pose a Gold-finder.
Never return to mine own Paradise ?
Why, Wife, I say, why, *Estifania*.

Estifania (within) I am going presently.

Per. Make haste, good Jewel,

I am like the People that live in the sweet Islands :
I dye, I dye, if I stay but one Day more here,
My Lungs are rotten with the Damps that rise,
And I Cough nothing now but Stinks of all Sorts.
The Inhabitants we have are two starv'd Rats,
For they are not able to maintain a Cat here,
And those appear as fearful as two Devils,
They have eat a Map of the whole World up already,
And if we stay a Night we are gone for Company.
There's an old Woman that's now grown to Marble,
Dry'd in this Brick-hill, and she sits i'th' Chimney,
Which is but three Tiles rais'd like a House of Cards,
The true Proportion of an old smok'd Sibyl,
There is a young Thing too, that Nature meant
For a Maid servant, but 'tis now a Monster,
She has a Husk about her like a Chesnut
With Batiness, and living under the Line here,
And these two make a hollow Sound together,
Like Frogs or Winds between two Doors that murmur.

Enter Estifania.

Mercy deliver me. O, are you come, Wife,
Shall we be free again.

C

Estif.

Estif. I am now going,
 And you shall presently to your own House, Sir,
 'The Remembrance of this small Vexation
 Will be Argument of Mirth for ever :
 By that Time you have said your Orisons,
 And broke your Fast, I shall be back and ready,
 To usher you to your old Content, your Freedom.

Per. Break my Neck rather, is there any Thing here
 But one another like a race of Cannibals ? [to eat,
 A piece of butter'd Wall you think is excellent,
 Let's have our House again immediately,
 And pray ye take heed unto the Furniture,
 None be imbezl'd.

Estif. Not a Pin, I warrant ye.

Per. And let 'em instantly depart.

Estif. They shall both,
 'There's Reason in all Courtesies, they must both,
 For by this Time I know she has acquainted him,
 And has provided too, she sent me Word, Sir,
 And will give over gratefully unto you.

Per. I'll walk i'th' Church-yard.
 The dead cannot offend more than these living,
 An Hour hence I'll expect ye.

Estif. I'll not fail, Sir.

Per. And do you hear, let's have a handsome Dinner,
 And see all Things be decent as they have been,
 And let me have a strong Bath to restore me,
 I stink like a stall-fish Shambles, or an Oyl-shop. [thing.

Estif. You shall have all, which some interpret no-
 I'll lend ye People for the Trunks afore-hand,
 And for the Stuff.

Per. Let 'em be known and honest,
 And do my Service to your Neice,

Estif. I shall, Sir,
 But if I come not at my Hour, come hither,
 That they may give you Thanks for your fair Courtesy,
 And Pray ye be brave for my sake.

Per. I observe ye.

[Exeunt.

Enter

Enter Juan de Castro, Sanchio, and Cacafofo.

Sanc. Thou art very brave.

Caca. I have Reason, I have Money.

Sanc. Is Money Reason?

Caca. Yes, and Rhime too, Captain,

here If ye have no Money y'are an Afs.

Sanc. I thank ye.

Cac. Ye have Manners, ever thank him that has Money.

Sanc. Wilt thou lend me any?

Caca. Not a Farthing, Captain,

Captains are casual Things.

Sanc. Why so are all Men, thou shalt have my Bond.

Caca. Nor Bonds nor Fetters, Captain,

My Money is mine, I make no doubt on't.

Juan. What dost thou do with it?

Caca. Put it to pious uses,

Buy Wine and Wenches, and undo young Coxcombs,

That would undo me.

Juan. Are those Hospitals?

Cac. I first provide to fill my Hospitals

With Creatures of mine own, that I know wretched,

And then I build: those are more bound to pray for me,

ner, Besides, I keep th' Inheritance in my Name still.

Juan. A provident Charity: are you for the Wars, Sir?

Cac. I am not poor enough to be a Soldier,

ing, Nor have I Faith enough to ward a Bullet:

no- This is no lining for a Trench, I take it.

Juan. Ye have said wisely.

Cac. Had you but my Money,

You would swear it, Colonel, I had rather drill at home

A hundred thousand Crowns, and with more honour,

Than exercise ten thousand Fools with nothing,

A wise Man safely feeds, Fools cut their Fingers.

fy, *Sanc.* A right State Usurer; why doest thou not marry,

And live a reverend Justice?

unt. *Cac.* Is't not nobler to command a reverend Justice,

than to be one?

nter And for a Wife, what need I marry, Captain,

When every courteous Fool that owes me Money,
Owes me his Wife too, to appease my Fury?

Juan. Wilt thou go to Dinner with us?

Cac. I will go, and view the Pearl of *Spain*, the Oriole
Fair one, the rich one too, and I will be respected,
I bear my Patent here, I will talk to her,
And when your Captain-ships shall stand aloof,
And pick your Noses, I will pick the Purse
Of her Affection. [Medina]

Juan. The Duke dines there to Day too, the Duke of

Cac. Let the King dine there,
He owes me Money, and so far's my Creature,
And certainly I may make bold with mine own, Captain

Sanc. Thou wilt eat monstrously.

Cac. Like a true born *Spaniard*,
Eat as I were in *England*, where the Beef grows,
And I will drink abundantly, and then
Talk ye as wantonly as *Ovid* did,
'To stir the Intellectuals of the Ladies;
I learnt it of my Father's amorous Scrivener.

Juan. If we should play now, you must supply me.

Cac. You must pawn a Horse Troop,
And then have at ye, Colonel.

Sanc. Come, let's go:

This Rascal will make rare Sport; how the Ladies
Will laugh at him?

Juan. If I light on him, I'll make his Purse sweat too.

Cac. Will ye lead, Gentlemen? [Exeunt]

Enter Perez, an old Woman, and Maid.

Per. Nay, pray ye come out, and let me understand ye
And tune your Pipe a little higher, Lady;
I'll hold ye fast: rub, how came my Trunks open?
And my Goods gone, what Pick-lock Spirit?

Old Wom. Ha, what would ye have?

Per. My Goods again, how came my Trunks all open?

Old Wom. Are your Trunks open?

Per. Yes, and Cloaths gone,
And Chains, and Jewels: how the sinells like hung Beef,

The Palsey and Picklocks, fye, how she belches,
The Spirit of Garlick.

Old Wom. Where's your Gentlewoman?
The young fair Woman?

Per. What's that to my Question?
She is my Wife, and gone about my Business.

Maid. Is she your Wife, Sir?

Per. Yes, Sir, is that a Wonder?
Is the Name of Wife unknown here?

Old Wom. Is she truly, truly your Wife?

Per. I think so, for I married her;

It was no Vision sure!

Maid. She has the Keys, Sir.

Per. I know she has, but who has all my good, Spirit?

Old Wom. If you be married to that Gentlewoman,
You are a wretched man, she has twenty Husbands.

Maid. She tells you true.

Old Wom. And she has cozen'd all, Sir.

Per. The Devil she has! I had a fair House with her,
That stands hard by, and furnisht royally.

Old Wom. You are cozen'd too, 'tis none of hers, good
Gentleman.

Maid. The Lady *Margarita*, she was her Servant,
And kept the House, but going from her, Sir,
For some lewd Tricks she plaid.

Per. Plague o'the Devil,
Am I i'th' full Meridian of my Wisdom
Cheated by a stale Quean! what kind of Lady
that that owns the House?

Old Wom. A young sweet Lady.

Per. Of a low stature? [fair.

Old Wom. She is indeed but little, but she is wondrous

Per. I feel I am cozen'd;

Now I am sensible I am undone,

This is the very Woman sure, that Cousin

he told me would entreat but for four Days,

to make the House hers; I am entreated sweetly.

Maid. When she went out this Morning, that I saw,

he had two Women at the Door attending, [Sir,

and there she gave 'em Things, and loaded 'em,

But what they were—I heard your Trunks too open,
If they be yours?

Per. They were mine while they were laden,
But now they cast their Calves, they are not worth
Owning; was she her Mistress, say you?

Old Wom. Her own Mistress, her very Mistress, Sir,
About and in that House was hers. [and all you saw

Per. No Plate, no Jewels, nor no hangings?

Maid. Not a Farthing, she is poor, Sir, a poor shifting

Per. No Money? [Things

Old Wom. Abominable poor, as poor as we are,
Money as rare to her unless she steal it,
But for one civil Gown her Lady gave her,
She may go bare, good Gentlewoman.

Per. I am mad now,
I think I am as poor as she, I am wide else,
One civil Suit I have left too, and that's all,
And if she steal that she may slay me for it;
Where does she use?

Old Wom. You may find Truth as soon,
Alas, a thousand conceal'd Corners, Sir, she lurks in.
And here she gets a Fleece, and there another,
And lives in Mists and Smoaks where none can find her.

Per. Is she a Whore too? [is so, Sir, because

Old Wom. Little better, Gentleman, I dare not say it.
She is yours, Sir; these five Years she has fir'd
A pretty Living,
Until she came to serve; I fear she will knock my
Brains out for lying.

Per. She has serv'd me faithfully,
A Whore and Thief? two excellent moral Learnings
In one she Saint, I hope to see her legend.
Have I been fear'd for my Discoveries,
And courted by all Women to conceal 'em?
Have I so long studied the art of this Sex,
And read the Warnings to young Gentlemen?
Have I profess'd to tame the Pride of Ladies,
And make 'em bear all Tests, and am I trickt now?
Caught in mine own nooze? here's a Royal left yet,
There's for your Lodging and your Meat for this Week.

A silk Worm lives at a more plentiful Ordinary,
And sleeps in a sweeter Box : farewell, great Grandmother,
If I do find you were an accessory,
'Tis but the cutting off too smoaky Minutes,
I'll hang ye presently.

Old Wom. And I deserve it, I tell but Truth.

Per. Not I, I am an Afs, Mother.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter the Duke of Medina, Juan de Castro, Alonzo,
Sanchio, Cacafogo. Attendants.*

Duke. A goodly House.

Juan. And richly furnisht too, Sir.

Alonz. Hung wantonly, I like that Preparation,
It stirs the Blood unto a hopeful Banquet,
And intimates the Mistrefs free and jovial,
I love a House where Pleasure prepares welcome.

Duke. Now *Cacafogo*, how like you this Mansion ?
'Twere a brave Pawn.

Caca. I shall be Master of it,
'Twas built for my bulk, the Rooms are wide and spacious,
Airy and full of Ease, and that I love well :
I'll tell you when I taste the Wine, my Lord,
And take the height of her Table with my Stomach,
How my Affections stand to the young Lady.

Enter Margarita, Altea, Ladies and Servants.

Marg. All welcome to your Grace, and to these Soldiers,
You honour my poor House with your fair Presence,
Those few slight Pleasures that inhabit here, Sir,
I do beseech your Grace command, they are yours,
Your Servant but preserves 'em to delight ye.

Duke. I thank ye, Lady, I am bold to visit ye.
Once more to bless mine Eyes with your sweet Beauty,
'T has been a long Night since you left the Court,
For till I saw you now, no Day broke to me.

Marg. Bring in the Duke's Meat.

Sanch. She is most Excellent.

C 4

Juan.

Juan. Most admirable fair as e'er I look'd upon,
I had rather command her than my Regiment.

Caca. I'll have a fling, 'tis but a thousand Ducats,
Which I can cozen up again in ten Days,
And some few Jewels to justify my Knavery.
Say, I should marry her, she'll get more Money
Than all my Usury, put my Knavery to it,
She appears the most infallible way of Purchase,
I could wish her a size or two stronger for th' Encounter.
For I am like a Lion where I lay hold,
But these Lambs will endure a plaguy load,
And never Bleat neither, that, Sir, Time has taught us,
I am so virtuous now, I cannot speak to her,
The arrant'st shamesfac'd Ass, I broil away too.

Enter Leon.

Marg. Why, where's this Dinner?

Leon. 'Tis not ready, Madam,
Nor shall not be until I know the Guests too,
Nor are they fairly welcome till I bid 'em.

Juan. Is not this my *Alferes*? he looks another thing?
Are Miracles a-foot again?

Marg. Why, Sirrah, why, Sirrah, you?

Leon. I hear you, saucy Woman,
And as you are my Wife, command your Absence,
And know your Duty, 'tis the Crown of Modesty.

Duke. Your Wife?

Leon. Yes, good my Lord, I am her Husband,
And pray take Notice that I claim that Honour,
And will maintain it.

Caca. If thou be'st her Husband,
I am determin'd thou shalt be my Cuckold,
I'll be thy faithful Friend.

Leon. Peace, Dirt, and Dunghil,
I will not lose my Anger on a Rascal,
Provoke me more I'll beat thy blown Body
Till thou rebound'st again like a Tennis-Ball.

Alonz. This is miraculous.

Sanch,

Sanch. Is this the Fellow

That had the Patience to become a Fool,
A flurried Fool, and on a sudden break,
As if he would shew a wonder to the World,
Both in Bravery, and Fortune too?

I much admire the Man, I am astonisht.

Mar. I'll be divorc'd immediately.

Leon. You shall not,

You shall not have so much Will to be wicked.
I am more tender of your Honour, Lady,
And of your Honour, you took me for a Shadow;
You took me to gloss over your Discredit,
To be your Fool, you thought you had found a Coxcomb;
I am innocent of any foul Dishonour I mean to ye,
Only I will be known to be your Lord now,
And be a fair one too, or I will fall for't.

Mar. I do command ye from me, thou poor Fellow,
Thou cozen'd Fool.

Leon. Thou cozen'd Fool! 'tis not so,
I will not be commanded, I am above ye:
You may divorce me from your Favour, Lady,
But from your State you never shall, I'll hold that,
And then maintain your Wantonness, I'll wink at it.

Mar. Am I braved thus in mine own House?

Leon. 'Tis mine, Madam,
You are deceiv'd, I am Lord of it, I rule it and all that's
in't;

You have nothing to do here, Madam;
But as a Servant to sweep clean the Lodgings,
And at my farther Will to do me Service,
And so I'll keep it.

Mar. As you love me, give way.

Leon. It shall be better,
I will give none, Madam,
I stand upon the ground of mine own Honour,
And will maintain it, you shall know me now
To be an understanding feeling Man,
And sensible of what a Woman aims at,
A young proud Woman that has Will to fall with,

An

An itching Woman, that her Blood provokes too,
 I cast my Cloud off, and appear my self,
 The Master of this little Piece of Mischief,
 And I will put a Spell about your Feet, Lady,
 They shall not wander but where I give way now.

Duke. Is this the Fellow that the People pointed at,
 For the meer Sign of Man, the walking Image?
 He speaks wond'rous highly.

Leon. As a Husband ought, Sir,
 In his own House, and it becomes me well too,
 I think your Grace would grieve if you were put to it
 To have a Wife or Servant of your own,
 (For Wives are reckon'd in the rank of Servants,)
 Under your own Roof to command ye.

Juan. Brave, a strange Conversion, thou shalt lead
 In chief now.

Duke. Is there no Difference betwixt her and you, Sir?

Leon. Not now, Lord, my Fortune makes me even,
 And as I am an honest Man, I am nobler.

Mar. Get me my Coach.

Leon. Let me see who dares get it
 Till I command, I'll make him draw your Coach too,
 And eat your Coach, (which will be hard Diet)
 That executes your Will, or take your Coach, Lady,
 I give you Liberty, and take your People
 Which I turn off, and take your Will abroad with ye,
 Take all these freely, but take me no more,
 And so farewell,

Duke. Nay, Sir, you shall not carry it
 So bravely off, you shall not wrong a Lady
 In a high huffing Strain, and think to bear it,
 We stand not by as Bawds to your brave Fury,
 To see a Lady weep.

Leon. They are Tears of Anger, I beseech ye note
 'em, not worth Pity,
 Wrung from Rage, because her Will prevails not,
 She would swoon now if she could not cry,
 Else they were excellent, and I should grieve too.
 But falling thus, they show nor sweet nor orient.

Put

Put up, my Lord, this is Oppression,
And calls the Sword of Justice to relieve me,
The Law to lend her Hand, the King to right me,
All which shall understand how you provoke me.
In my own House to brave me, is this princely?
Then to my Guard, and if I spare your Grace,
And do not make this Place your Monument,
Too rich a Tomb for such a rude Behaviour,
I have a Cause will kill a thousand of ye, Mercy forsake
me.

Juan. Hold, fair Sir, I beseech ye,
The Gentleman but pleads his own Right nobly.

Leon. He that dares strike against the Husband's freedom
The Husbands Curse stick to him, a tam'd Cuckold,
His Wife be fair and young, but most dishonest,
Most impudent, and have no feeling of it,
No Conscience to reclaim her from a Monster,
Let her lye by him like a flattering Ruin,
And at one Instant kill both Name and Honour,
Let him be lost, no Eye to weep his End,
Nor find no Earth that's base enough to bury him.
Now, Sir, fall on, I am ready to oppose ye.

Duke. I have better thoughts, I pray, Sir, use your
Wife well.

Leon. Mine own Humanity will teach me that, Sir,
And now you are all welcome, all, and we'll to Dinner,
This is my Wedding-day.

Duke. I'll cross your Joy yet.

Juan. I have seen a Miracle, hold thine own, Soldier,
Sure they dare fight in Fire that conquer Women.

Sanch. H's beaten all my loose Thoughts out of me,
As if he had thresh'd 'em out o'th'husk.

Enter Perez.

Per. 'Save ye, which is the Lady of the House?

Leon. That's she, Sir, that pretty Lady,
If you would speak with her.

Juan. Don Michael, Leon, another Darer come.

Per. Pray do not know me, I am full of Business,

When

When I have more time I'll be merry with ye.
It is the Woman : Good Madam, tell me truly,
Had you a Maid call'd *Estifania* ?

Marg. Yes truly, had I.

Per. Was she a Maid do ye think ?

Marg. I dare not swear for her,
For she had but a scant Fame.

Per. Was she your Kinswoman ?

Marg. Not that I ever knew, now I look better
I think you married her, 'give you joy, Sir,
You may reclaim her, 'twas a wild young Girl.

Per. Give me a Halter. Is not this House mine, Ma-
dam ?

Was not she the owner of it, pray speak truly ?

Marg. No, certainly, I am sure my Money paid for it,
And I ne'er remember yet I gave it you, Sir.

Per. The Hangings and the Plate too ?

Marg. All are mine, Sir,
And every thing you see about the Building,
She only kept my House when I was absent,
And so I'll keep it, I was weary of her.

Sanch. What a Devil ails ye ?

Juan. He's possesst I'll assure you.

Per. Where is your Maid ?

Marg. Do not you know that have her ?
She is yours now, why should I look after her ?
Since that first Hour I came I never saw her.

Per. I saw her later, would the Devil had had her,
It is all true I find, a Wild-fire take her.

Juan. Is thy Wife with Child, *Don Michael* ? thy
excellent Wife.

Art thou a Man yet ?

Alonz. When shall we come and visit thee ?

Sanch. And eat some rare Fruit ? Thou hast admirable
Orchards,

You are so jealous now, Pox o' your Jealousie,
How scurvily you look !

Per. Prithce leave fooling,

I am in no Humour now to fool and prattle,
Did she ne'er play the Wag with you ?

Marg.

Marg. Yes many times, so often that I was asham'd
to keep her,

But I forgave her, Sir, in hope she would mend still,
And had not you o' th' Instant married her,
I had put her off.

Per. I thank ye, I am blest still,
Which Way soe'er I turn I am a made Man,
Miserably gull'd beyond Recovery.

Juan. You'll stay and Dine ?

Per. Certain, I cannot, Captain,
Hark in thine Ear, I am the arrantest Puppy,
The miserablest Ass, but I must leave ye,
I am in haste, in haste, bless you, good Madam,
And you prove as good as my Wife. [Exit.

Leon. Will you come near, Sir, Will your Grace but
honour me,
And taste our Dinner ? You are nobly welcome,
All Anger's past I hope, and I shall serve ye.

Juan. Thou art the Stock of Men, and I admire thee.
[Exeunt.

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

Enter Perez.

P E R E Z.

I'LL go to a Conjurer but I'll find this Pole-cat,
This pilfering Whore : A Plague of Veils, I cry,
And covers for the Impudence of Women,
Their Sanctity in Show will deceive Devils,
It is my evil Angel, let me bless me.

Enter Estifania with a Casket.

Estif. 'Tis he, I am caught, I must stand to it stoutly,
And show no Shake of Fear, I see he is Angry,
Vext at the uttermost.

Per.

Per. My worthy Wife,
I have been looking of your Modesty
All the Town over.

Estif. My most noble Husband,
I am glad I have found ye, for in truth I am weary;
Weary and lame with looking out your Lordship.

Per. I have been in Bawdy-houses.

Estif. I believe you, and very lately too.

Per. 'Pray you pardon me,
To seek your Ladyship, I have been in Cellars,
In private Cellars, where the thirsty Bawds
Hear your Confessions; I have been at Plays,
'To look you out amongst the youthful Actors,
At Puppet-Shews, you are Mistress of the Motions,
At Gossipings I hearkened after you,
But amongst those Confusions of lewd Tongues
There's no distinguishing beyond a Babel.
I was amongst the Nuns because you sing well,
But they say yours are bawdy Songs, they mourn for ye,
And last I went to Church to seek ye out,
'Tis so long since you were there, they have forgot you.

Estif. You have had a pretty Progress, I'll tell mine
To look you out, I went to twenty Taverns. [now :

Per. And are you sober?

Estif. Yes, I reel not yet, Sir,
Where I saw twenty drunk, most of 'em Soldiers,
There I had great hope to find you disguis'd too.
From thence to the Dicing house, there I found
Quarrels needles, and senseless, Swords and Pots, and
Candlesticks,

Tables and Stools, and all in one confusion,
And no Man knew his Friend. I left this *Chaos*,
And to the Chirurgeon's went, he will'd me stay,
For says he learnedly, if he be tipp'd,
Twenty to one he whores, and then I hear of him,
If he be mad, he quarrels, then he comes too.
I sought ye where no safe thing would have ventur'd,
Amongst Diseases, base and vile, vile Women,
For I remembered your old *Roman* axiom,
'The more the Danger, still the more the Honour.

Last,

Last, to your Confessor I came, who told me,
You were too proud to pray, and here I have found ye.

Per. She bears up bravely, and the Rogue is witty,
But I shall dash it instantly to nothing.

Here leave we off our wanton Languages,
And now conclude we in a sharper Tongue.

Estif. Why am I cozen'd ?

Why am I abused ?

Per. Thou most vile, base, abominable ———

Estif. Captain.

Per. Thou stinking, over-stew'd, poor, pocky ———

Estif. Captain.

Per. Do you eccho me ?

Estif. Yes, Sir, and go before ye,

And roundabout ye, why do you rail at me

For that That was your own Sin, your own Knavery ?

Per. And brave me too ?

Estif. You had best now draw your Sword, Captain ;
Draw it upon a Woman, do, brave Captain ?

Upon your Wife, Oh most renowned Captain.

Per. A Plague upon thee, answer me directly ;
Why didst thou marry me ?

Estif. To be my Husband ;
I had thought you had had infinite, but I'm cozen'd.

Per. Why didst thou flatter me, and shew me wonders ?
A House and Riches, when they are but Shadows,
Shadows to me ?

Estif. Why did you work on me ?
(It was but my part to requite you, Sir)
With your strong Soldier's Wit, and swore you would
bring me

So much in Chains, so much in Jewels, Husband,
So much in right rich Clothes ?

Per. Thou hast 'em, Rascal ;
I gave 'em to thy Hands, my Trunks and all,
And thou hast open'd 'em, and sold my Treasure.

Estif. Sir, there's your Treasure, sell it to a Tinker,
To mend old Kettles, is this noble Usage ?

Let all the World view here the Captain's Treasure,

A Man

A Man would think now, these were worthy Matters ;
 Here's a shoeing-horn Chain gilt over, how it scenteth
 Worse than the mouldy dirty Heel it served for :
 And here's another of a lesser Value,
 So little I would shame to tie my Dog in't ;
 These are my Jointure, blush and save a Labour,
 Or these else will bluth for ye.

Per. A Fire subtle ye, ye are so crafty ?

Estif. Here's a goodly Jewel,
 Did not you win this at *Goletta*, Captain,
 Or took it in the Field from some brave *Bashaw*,
 How it sparkles like an old Lady's Eyes,
 And fills each Room with Light, like a close Lanthorn !
 This would do rarely in an Abbey Window,
 To cozen Pilgrims.

Per. Prithee leave prating.

Estif. And here's a Chain of Whittings Eyes for Pearls,
 A Muscle-monger would have made a better.

Per. Nay, prithee, Wife, my Cloaths, my Cloaths.

Estif. I'll tell ye,
 Your Cloaths are Parallels to these, all Counterfeit.
 Put these and them on, you are a Man of Copper,
 A Kind of Candlestick ; these you thought, my Husband,
 To have cozen'd me withal, but I am quit with you.

Per. Is there no House then, nor no Grounds about it ?
 No Plate nor Hangings ?

Estif. "There are none, sweet Husband,
 Shadow for Shadow is an equal Justice.
 Can you rail now ? Pray put up your Fury, Sir,
 And speak great Words, you are a Soldier, thunder.

Per. I will speak little, I have plaid the Fool,
 And so I am rewarded.

Estif. You have spoke well, Sir,
 And now I see you are so conformable
 I'll heighten you again, go to your House,
 They are packing to be gone, you must sup there,
 I'll meet ye, and bring Cloaths, and clean Shirts after,
 And all Things shall be well, I'll colt you once more,
 And teach you to bring Copper.

Per. Tell me one thing,

I do beseech thee tell me, tell me Truth, Wife,
However I forgive thee, art thou honest?
The Beldam swore.

Estif. I bid her tell you so, Sir,
It was my Plot, alas my credulous Husband,
The Lady told you too.

Per. Most strange things of thee.

Estif. Still 'twas my Way, and all to try your Sufferance,
And she denied the House.

Per. She knew me not.
No, nor no Title that I had.

Estif. 'Twas well carried;
No more, I am right and straight.

Per. I would believe thee.
But Heaven knows how my Heart is, will ye follow me?

Estif. I'll be there straight.

Per. I am fooled, yet dare not find it. [*Exit Perez.*]

Estif. Go, silly Fool, thou may'st be a good Soldier
In open Field, but for our private Service,
Thou art an Ass, I'll make thee so, or miss else.



Enter Cacafogo.

Here comes another Trout that I must tickle,
And tickle daintily, I have lost my End else.
May I crave your Leave, Sir?

Caca. Prithee be answered, thou shalt crave no Leave,
I am in my Meditations do not vex me,
A beaten Thing, but this Hour a most bruised Thing.
That People had Compassion on it, looked so,
The next Sir Palmerin, here's fine Proportion,
An Ass, and then an Elephant, sweet Justice,
There's no Way left to come at her now, no craving,
If Money could come near, yet I would pay him;
I have a Mind to make him a huge Cuckold,
And Money may do much, a thousand Ducats,
'Tis but the letting Blood of a rank Heir.

Estif. 'Pray you hear me.

[*now,*

Caca. I know thou hast some Wedding-ring to pawn
Of Silver and Gilt, with a blind Poessie in't,

D

Love

Love and a Mill-horse shall go round together,
Or thy Child's Whistle, or thy Squirrels Chain,
I'll none of 'em, I would she did but know me,
Or would this Fellow had but use of Money,
That I may come in any Way.

Estif. I am gone, Sir,
And I shall tell the beauty sent me to ye,
The Lady *Margarita*.

Caca. Stay, I prithee,
What is thy Will, I turn me wholly to ye,
And talk now till thy Tongue ake, I will hear ye.

Estif. She would entreat you, Sir,

Caca. She shall command, Sir,
Let it be so, I beseech thee, my sweet Gentlewoman,
Do not forget thy self.

Estif. She does command then
This Curtesie, because she knows you are noble.

Caca. Your Mistress by the Way?

Estif. My natural Mistress,
Upon these Jewels, Sir, they are fair and rich,
And view 'em right.

Caca. To doubt 'em is an Heresie.

Estif. A thousand Ducats, 'tis upon Necessity
Of present use, her Husband, Sir, is stubborn.

Caca. Long may he be so. [Parts and Person,

Estif. She desires withal a better Knowledge of your
And when you please to do her so much Honour.

Caca. Come, let's dispatch.

Estif. In Troth I have heard her say, Sir,
Of a fat Man she has not seen a sweeter.
But in this Business, Sir.

Caca. Let's do it first
And then dispute, the Ladies use may long for't.

Estif. All Secresy she would desire, she told me
How wise you are.

Caca. We are not wise to talk thus,
Carry her the Gold, I'll look her out a Jewel,
Shall sparkle like her Eyes, and thee another,
Come, prithee come, I long to serve thy Lady,

Long

Long monitrouſly, now Valour I ſhall meet ye,
You that dare Dukes.

Eſtif. Green Goofe you are now in Sippits. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter the Duke, Sanchio, Juan, Alonzo.

Duke. He ſhall not have his Will, I ſhall prevent him,
I have a Toy here that will turn the Tide,
And ſuddenly, and ſtrangely hear *Don Juan*.
Do you preſent it to him.

Juan. I am commanded.

[*Exit.*]

Duke. A fellow founded out of Charity,
And moulded to the height condemn his Maker,
Curb the free Hand that fram'd him ? This muſt not be.

Sanc. That ſuch an Oyſter-Shell ſhould hold a Pearl,
And of ſo rare a Price in Priſon,

Was ſhe made to be the Matter of her own undoing.

To let a ſlovenly unwieldy Fellow,

Unruly and ſelf-will'd, diſpoſe her Beauties ?

We ſuffer all, Sir, in this ſad Eclipse,

She ſhould ſhine where ſhe might ſhow like her ſelf,

An abſolute ſweetneſs, to comfort thoſe admire her,

And ſhed her Beams upon her Friends,

We are gull'd all,

And all the world will grumble at your patience,

If ſhe be raviſht thus.

Duke. Ne'er fear it, *Sanchio*,

We'll have her free again, and move at Court

In her clear orb : But one ſweet handſomeness,

To bleſs this Part of *Spain*, and have that ſlubber'd ?

Alon. 'Tis every good Man's Cauſe, and we muſt ſtir in it.

Duke. I'll warrant he ſhall be glad to pleaſe us,

And glad to ſhare too, we ſhall hear anon

A new Song from him, let's attend a little. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Leon, and Juan, with a Commiſſion.

Leon. Colonel, I am bound to you for this Nobleneſs,
I ſhould have been your Officer, 'tis true, Sir,

And a proud Man, I should have been to have serv'd you,
That pleas'd the King out of his boundless Favours,
To make me your Companion, this Commission
Gives me a Troop of Horse.

Juan. I do rejoice at it,
And am a glad Man, we shall gain your Company,
I am sure the King knows you are newly married,
And out of that Respect gives you more Time, Sir,

Leon. Within four Days I am gone, so he commands me,
And 'tis not mannerly for me to argue it,

The Time grows shorter still, are your Goods ready ?

Juan. They are Aboard.

Leon. Who waits there ?

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir.

Leon. Do you hear ho, go carry this unto your Mistress, Sir,

And let her see how much the King has honour'd me,

Bid her be lusty, she must make a Soldier. *[Exit.]*

Enter Lorenzo.

Lorenzo, Sir,

Go take down all the Hangings,
And pack up all my Cloths, my Plate and Jewels,
And all the Furniture that's portable,

Sir, when we lye in Garrison, 'tis necessary
We keep a handsome Port for the King's Honour ;
And do you hear, let all your Lady's Ward-robe
Be safely plac'd in Trunks, they must along too.

Lor. Whither must they go, Sir ?

Leon. To the Wars, *Lorenzo,*

And you and all, I will not leave a Turn-spit,
That has one Drachm of Spleen against a *Dutchman.*

Lor. Why then St. *Jaques* hey, you have made us all
And if we leave ye——does my Lady go too ? *[Sir,*

Leon. The Stuff must go To-morrow towards the Sea,
All, all must go. *[Sir,*
Lor.

Lor. Why, *Pedro, Vasco, Dejo,*
Come help me, Come come, Boys, Soldadoes, Comrades,
We'll slay those Beer-bellied Rogues, come away quickly.

Juan. H'as taken a brave Way to save his Honour.

[*Exit.*]

And cross the Duke, now I shall love him dearly,
By the Life of Credit thou art a noble Gentleman.

Enter Margarita, led by two Ladies.

Leon. Why how now, Wife, what, sick at my prefer-
This is not kindly done. [ment?]

Marg. No sooner love ye?

I love ye entirely Sir, brought to consider
The Goodness of your Mind, and mine own Duty,
But lose you instantly, be divorc'd from ye?

'This is a Cruelty, I'll to the King
And tell him 'tis unjust to part two Souls,
Two Minds so nearly mixt.

Leon. By no Means, Sweet-heart.

Marg. If he were married but four Days as I am.

Leon. He would hang himself the Fifth, or fly his
Country.

Marg. He would make it Treason for that Tongue that
But talk of War, or any thing to vex him, [durit
You shall not go.

Leon. Indeed I must, sweet Wife,
What shall I lose the King for a few Kisses?
We'll have enough.

Marg. I'll to the Duke, my Cousin, he shall to th' King.

Leon. He did me this great Office,
I thank his Grace for't, should I pray him now,
To undo't again? Fye, 'twere a base Discredit.

Marg. Would I were able, Sir, to bear you Company,
How willing should I be then, and how merry!
I will not live alone.

Leon. Be in Peace, you shall not. [*Knock within.*]

Marg. What knocking's this? Oh Heaven my Head,
why Rascals,

I think the War's begun i'th House already.

Leon. The Preparation is, they are taking down,
And packing up the Hangings, Plate and Jewels,

And all those Furnitures that shall besit me,
When I lye in Garrison.

Enter Coachman.

Coachm. Must the Coach go too, Sir ?

Leon. How will your Lady pass to th' Sea else easily ?
We shall find shipping for't there to transport it.

Marg. I go ? alas !

Leon. I'll have a main Care of ye,
I know ye are sickly, he shall drive the easier,
And all Accommodation shall attend ye.

Marg. Would I were able.

Leon. Come I warrant ye,
Am not I with ye, sweet ? are her Cloaths packt up,
And all her Linen ? give your Maids Direction,
You know my time's but short, and I am commanded.

Marg. Let me have a Nurse,
And all such necessary People with me,
And an easie Bark.

Leon. It shall not trot I warrant ye,
Curvet it may sometimes.

Marg. I am with Child, Sir.

Leon. At four days warning ? this is something speedy.
Do you conceive as our Jennets do with a west Wind ?
My Heir will be an arrant Fleet one, Lady,
I'll swear you were a Maid when I first lay with ye.

Marg. Pray do not swear, I thought I was a Maid too,
But we may doth be cozen'd in that point, Sir.

Leon. In such a strait point sure I could not err, Madam.

Juan. This is another Tenderneſs to try him,
Fetch her up now.

Marg. You must provide a cradle, and what a trouble's

Leon. The sea shall rock it, [that
'Tis the best nurse ; 'twill roar and rock together,
A swinging storm will sing you such a lullaby.

Marg. Faith let me stay, I shall but shame ye, Sir.

Leon. And you were a thousand shames you shall along
with me,

At home I'm sure you'll prove a million,

Every

Every Man carries the Bundle of his Sins
Upon his own Back, you are mine, I'll sweat for ye.

Enter Duke, Alonzo, Sanchio.

Duke. What, Sir, preparing for your noble Journey?
'Tis well, and full of Care.

I saw your Mind was wedded to the War, [Country,
And knew you would prove some good Man for your
Therefore, fair Cousin, with your gentle Pardon,
I got this place: what, mourn at his Advancement?
You are to blame, he will come again, sweet Cousin,
Mean time like sad *Penelope* and Sage,
Amongst your Maids at Home, and Huswifely.

Leon. No, Sir, I dare not leave her to that Solitariness,
She is young, and Grief or ill News from those Quarters
May daily cross her, she shall go along, Sir.

Duke. By no means Captain.

Leon. By all means, an't please ye.

Duke. What take a young and tender bodied Lady,
And expose her to those Dangers, and those Tumults,
A sickly Lady too?

Leon. 'Twill make her well, Sir,
There's no such Friend to Health as wholsom Travel.

Sanch. Away, it must not be.

Alon. It ought not, Sir,
Go hurry her? it is not human, Captain.

Duke. I cannot blame her Tears, fright her with Tem-
With Thunder of the War. [pests,
I dare swear if she were able.

Leon. She is most able.

And pray ye swear not, she must go, there's no Remedy,
Nor Greatness, nor the Trick you had to part us,
Which I smell too rank, too open, too evident,
(And I must tell you, Sir, 'tis most unnoble)
Shall hinder me: and she but ten Hours Life,
Nay less, but two Hours, I would have her with me,
I would not leave her Fame to so much Ruin,
To such a Desolation and Discredit,
As her Weakness and your hot Will would work her to.

Enter Perez.

What Masque is this now ?

More Tropes and Figures, to abuse my Sufferance,
What Cousin's this ?

Juan. Michael van owle, how dost thou ?
In what dark Barn or Tod of aged Ivy
Hast thou lain hid ?

Perez. Things must both ebb and flow, Colonel,
And People must con-eal, and shine again.
You are welcome hither as your Friend may say, Gentle-
A pretty House ye see handsomely seated, [men,
Sweet and convenient Walks, the waters crystal.

Alon. He's certainly mad.

Juan. As mad as a French Taylor,
'That has nothing in's Head but Ends of Fustians.

Perez. I see you are packing now, my gentle Cousin,
And my Wife told me I should find it so,
'Tis true I do, you were merry when I was last here ;
'But 'twas your Will to try my Patience, Madam,
I am sorry that my swift Occasions
Can let you take your Pleasure here no longer,
Yet I would have you think my honour'd Cousin,
'This House and all I have are all your Servants.

Leon. What House, what Pleasure, Sir, what do you
mean ?

Perez. You hold the Jest so stiff, 'twill prove discourteous,
This House I mean, the Pleasures of this Place.

Leon. And what of them ?

Perez. They are mine, Sir, and you know it,
My Wife's I mean, and so conferr'd upon me,
The Hangings, Sir, I must entreat, your Servants,
That are so busie in their Offices,
Again to minister to their right Uses.
I shall take View o' th' Plate anon, and Furnitures
That are of under Place ; you are merry still, cousin,
And of a pleasant Constitution,
Men of great Fortunes make their Mirths *ad placitum*.

Leon. Prithee, good stubborn Wife, tell me directly,
Good evil Wife leave fooling, and tell me honestly,
Is this my Kinsman ?

Marg.

Marg. I can tell you nothing.

Leon. I have many Kinsmen, but so mad a one,
And so phantastick——all the House?

Per. All mine,

And all within it, I will not bate you an Ace on't.
Can you not receive a noble Courtesie,
And quietly and handsomely as ye ought, Coz,
But you must ride o' th' Top on't?

Leon. Canst thou fight?

Per. I'll tell ye presently, I could have done, Sir.

Leon. For ye must law and claw before ye get it.

Juan. Away, no Quarrels.

Leon. Now I am more Temperate,

I'll have it prov'd if you were never yet in Bedlam,
Never in Love, for that's a Lunacy,
No great State left ye that you never lookt for,
Nor cannot manage, that's a rank Distemper;
That you were Christen'd, and who answer'd for ye,
And then I yield.

Per. H's half persuaded me I was bred i'th' Moon,
I have ne'er a Bush at my Breech, are not we both mad,
And is not this a phantastick House we are in,
And all a Dream we do? Will ye walk out, Sir,
And if I do not beat thee presently
Into a sound Belief, as Sense can give thee,
Brick me into that Wall there for a Chimney-piece,
And say I was one o'th' *Cæsars*, done by a Seal-cutter.

Leon. I'll talk no more, come we'll away immediately.

Marg. Why then the House is his, and all that's in it,
I'll give away my Skin but I'll undo ye.
I gave it to his Wife, you must restore, Sir,
And make a new Provision. [Pagan Cousin,

Per. Am I mad now or am I Christen'd, you my
My mighty Mawhound Kinsman, what Quirk now?
You shall be welcome all, I hope to see, Sir,
Your Grace here, and my Couz, we are all Soldiers,
And must do naturally for one another.

Duke. Are ye blank at this? then I must tell ye, Sir,
You have no Command, now ye may go at Pleasure
And ride your Ass Troop, 'twas a trick I us'd

To try your Jealousie upon Entreaty,
And saving of your Wife.

Leon. All this not moves me,
Nor stirs my Gall, nor alters my Affections,
You have more Furniture, more Houses, Lady,
And rich ones too, I will make bold with those,
And you have Land i'th' *Indies* as I take it,
Thither we'll go, and view a while those Climates
Visit your Factors there that may betray ye,
'Tis done, we must go.

Marg. Now thou art a brave Gentleman,
And by this sacred Light I love thee dearly.
The House is none of yours, I did but Jest, Sir,
Nor you are no coz of mine, I beseech ye vanish,
I tell you plain, you have no more right than he
Has, that senseless thing, your Wife has once more fool'd
Go ye and consider. [ye:

Leon. Good Morrow, my sweet Cousin, I should be

Per. By this Hand she dies for't, [glad, Sir.
Or any Man that speaks for her. [Exit Per.

Juan. These are fine Toys.

Marg. Let me request you stay but one poor Month,
You shall have a Commission, and I'll go too,
Give me but Will so far.

Leon. Well I will try ye,
Good-Morrow to your Grace, we have private Business.

Duke. If I miss thee again, I am an arrant Bungler.

Juan. Thou shalt have my Command, and I'll march
under thee,

Nay, be thy Boy before thou shalt be baffled,
Thou art so brave a Fellow.

Alon. I have seen Visions.

[Exeunt.

A C T

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Leon, with a Letter, and Margarita.

Leon. COME hither, Wife, do you know this Hand,

Marg. I do, Sir,
'Tis *Estifania*, that was once my Woman.

Leon. She writes to me here, that one *Cacafogo*
An usuring Jeweller's Son (I know the Rascal)
Is mortally fall'n in Love with ye.

Marg. Is a Monster, deliver me from Mountains.

Leon. Do you go a birding for all sorts of People?
And this Evening will come to ye and shew ye Jewels,
And offers any Thing to get Access to ye,
If I can make or Sport or Profit on him,
(For he is fit for both) she bids me use him,
And so I will, be you conformable, and follow but my Will.

Marg. I shall not fail, Sir.

Leon. Will the Duke come again, do you think?

Marg. No sure, Sir,
Has no Policy to bring him hither.

Leon. Nor bring you to him, if my Wit hold fair, Wife:
Let's in to Dinner. [Exeunt.]

Enter Perez.

Per. Had I but Lungs enough to bawl sufficiently,
That all the Queans in Christendom might hear me,
That Men might run away from Contagion,
I had my With; would it were most high Treason,
Most infinite high for any Man to marry,
I mean for any Man that would live handsomely,
And like a Gentleman in his Wits and Credit.
What torments shall I put her to, *Phalaris* bull now?
Pox they love bulling too well, though they smoak for't.
Cut her a-pieces? every Piece will live still.

And

And every Morfel of her will do Mischief;
 They have fo many Lives, there's no hanging 'em,
 They are too light to drown, they are Cork and Feathers,
 To burn too cold, they live like Salamanders;
 Under huge Heaps of Stones to bury her,
 And fo deprefs her as they did the Giants;
 She will move under more than built old Babel,
 I muft destroy her.

Enter Cacafofo with a Casket.

Caca. Be cozen'd by a Thing of Clouts, a She-moth,
 That every Silk-man's Shop breeds; to be cheated,
 And of athouſand Ducats by a Whim Wham!

Per. Who's that is cheated, ſpeak again thou Viſion,
 But art thou cheated? miniſter ſome Comfort:
 Tell me directly art thou cheated bravely?
 Come, prithee come, art thou ſo pure a Coxcomb
 To be undone? Do not diſſemble with me,
 Tell me I conjure thee.

Caca. Then keep thy Circle,
 For I am a Spirit wild that flies about thee,
 And whoe'er thou art, if thou be'ſt Human,
 I'll let thee plainly know, I am cheated damnably.

Per. Ha, ha, ha.

Caca. Doſt thou laugh? damnably, I ſay moſt damnably.

Per. By whom, good Spirit, ſpeak, ſpeak, ha, ha, ha.

Caca. I will utter, laugh till thy Lungs crack, by a Raſ-
 A lewd, abominable, and plain Woman. [cal Woman,
 Doſt thou laugh ſtill?

Per. I muſt laugh, prithee pardon me,
 I ſhall laugh terribly.

Caca. I ſhall be angry, terrible angry, I have cauſe.

Per. That's it, and 'tis no Reaſon but thou ſhould'ſt
 be angry,

Angry at Heart, yet I muſt laugh ſtill at thee.

By a Woman cheated? art' ſure it was a Woman?

Caca. I ſhall break thy Head, my Valour itches at thee.

Per. It is no matter, by a Woman cozen'd,
 A real Woman?

Caca.

Caca. A real Devil,
Plague of her Jewels and her Copper Chains,
How rank they smell.

Per. Sweet cozen'd Sir, let me see them,
I have been cheated too, I would have you note that,
And lewdly cheated, by a Woman also,
A scurvy Woman, I am undone, sweet Sir,
Therefore I must have leave to laugh.

Caca. Pray ye take it,
You are the merriest undone Man in *Europe*.
What need we Fiddles, bawdy Songs and Sack,
When our own Miseries can make us merry?

Per. Ha, ha, ha.
I have seen these Jewels, what a notable Pennyworth
Have you had next your Heart? you will not take, Sir,
Some twenty Ducats?

Caca. Thou art deceiv'd, I will take.

Per. To clear your Bargain now.

Caca. I'll take some ten, some any Thing, some half ten,
Half a Ducat.

Per. An excellent Lapidary set these Stones sure,
Do you mark their Waters?

Caca. Quick Sand choak their Waters,
And hers that bought 'em too, but I shall find her.

Per. And so shall I, I hope, but do not hurt her,
You cannot find in all this Kingdom,
(If you had need of cozening, as you may have,
For such gross Natures will desire it often,
'Tis at some Time too a fine Variety,)
A Woman that can cozen ye so neatly,
She has taken half mine Anger off with this Trick. [*Exit.*

Caca. If I were valiant now, I would kill this Fellow,
I have Money enough lies by me at a Pinch
To pay for twenty Rascals Lives that vex me,
I'll to this Lady, there I shall be satisfied. [*Exit.*

Enter Leon, and Margarita.

Leon. Come, we'll away unto your Country House,
And there we'll learn to live contentedly,

This

This place is full of Charge, and full of Hurry,
No part of Sweetness dwells about these Cities.

Marg. Whether you will, I wait upon your Pleasure;
Live in a hollow Tree, Sir, I'll live with ye.

Leon. Ay now you strike a Harmony, a True one,
When your Obedience waits upon your Husband,
And your sick Will aims at the Care of Honour,
Why now I doat upon ye, love ye dearly,
And my rough Nature falls like roaring Streams,
Clearly and sweetly into your Embraces,
O what a Jewel is a Woman excellent,
A wife, a virtuous and a noble Woman!
When we meet such, we bear our Stamps on both Sides;
And through the World we hold our current Virtues,
Alone we are single Medals, only Faces,
And wear our Fortunes out in uselefs Shadows:
Command you now, and ease me of that Trouble,
I'll be as humble to you as a Servant,
Bid whom you please, invite your noble Friends,
They shall be welcome all, visit Acquaintance,
Go at your Pleasure, now Experience
Has link'd you fast unto the Chain of Goodness:
What Noise is this, what dismal Cry?

Clashing Swords. A Cry within, down with their Swords.

Marg. 'Tis loud too.

Sure there some Mischief done i'th' Street, look out there.

Leon. Look and help.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Oh, Sir, the Duke Medina.

Leon. What of the Duke Medina?

Serv. Oh! sweet Gentleman, is almost slain.

Marg. Away, away and help him, all the House help.
[Exit Servant.]

Leon. How slain? why Margarita,
Why, Wife, sure some new Device they have a-foot again,
Some Trick upon my Credit, I shall meet it,
I had rather guide a Ship imperial
Alone, and in a Storm, than rule one Woman.

Enter

Enter Duke, Margarita, Sanchio, Alonzo, Servant.

Marg. How came you hurt, Sir?

Duke. I fell out with my Friend, the noble Colonel,
My Cause was naught, for 'twas about your Honour;
And he that wrongs the Innocent ne'er prospers,
And he has left me thus for Charity,
Lend me a Bed to ease my tortur'd Body,
That ere I perish I may shew my Penitence,
I fear I am slain.

Leon. Help, Gentlemen, to cary him,
There shall be nothing in this House, my Lord,
But as your own.

Duke. I thank ye, noble Sir, [dance.

Leon. To Bed with him, and, Wife, give your Atten-

Enter Juan.

Juan. Doctors and Surgeons.

Duke. Do not disquiet me,
But let me take my Leave in Peace.

[*Exit Duke, Sanchio, Alon. Marg. Servant.*

Leon. Afore me,
'Tis rarely counterfeited.

Juan. True, it is so, Sir.
And take you heed, this last Blow do not spoil ye,
He is not hurt, only we made a Scuffle,
As though we purpos'd Anger; that same Scratch
On's Hand he took, to colour all and draw Compassion,
That he might get into your House more cunningly.
I must not stay, stand now, and you're a brave Fellow.

Leon. I thank ye noble Colonel, and I honour you.
Never be quiet? [Exit Juan.

Enter Margarita.

Marg. He's most desperate ill, Sir,
I do not think these ten Months will recover him.

Leon.

Leon. Does he hire my House to play the Fool in,
Or does it stand on Fairy Ground, we are haunted,
Are all Men and their Wives troubled with Dreams thus?

Marg. What ail you, Sir?

Leon. Nay what ail you, sweet Wife,
To put these daily Pastimes on my Patience?
What dost thou see in me, that I should suffer thus,
Have not I done my Part like a true Husband,
And paid some desperate Debts you never look'd for?

Marg. You have done handsomely I must confess, Sir.

Leon. Have I not kept thee waking like a Hawk?
And watch'd thee with Delights to satisfy thee.
The very Tithes of which had won a Widow.

Marg. Alas I pity ye.

Leon. Thou wilt make me angry,
Thou never saw'st me mad yet.

Marg. You are always,
You carry a Kind of Bedlam still about ye.

Leon. If thou pursu'st me further I'll run stark mad,
If you have more hurt Dukes or Gentlemen,
To lye here on your Cure, I shall be desperate,
I know the Trick, and you shall feel I know it,
Are you so hot that no Hedge can contain ye?
I'll have thee let Blood in all the Veins about thee,
I'll have thy Thoughts sound too, and have them open'd,
Thy Spirits purg'd, for those are they that fire ye,
Thy Maid shall be thy Mistress, thou the Maid,
And all those servile Labours that she reach at,
And go through chearfully, or else sleep empty,
That Maid shall lye by me to teach you Duty,
You in a Pallet by to humble ye,
And grieve for what you lose.

Marg. I have lost my self, Sir,
And all that was my base self, Disobedience, [kneels.
My Wantonness, my Stubbornness I have lost too,
And now by that pure Faith good Wives are crown'd with,
By your own nobleness.

Enter

Enter Altea.

Leon. I take ye up, and wear ye next my Heart,
See you be worth it. Now what with you?

Altea. I come to tell my Lady,
There is a fulsome Fellow would fain speak with her.

Leon. 'Tis *Cacafogo*, go and entertain him,
And draw him on with Hopes.

Marg. I shall observe ye.

Leon. I have a rare Design upon that Gentleman,
And you must work too.

Altea. I shall, Sir, most willingly.

Leon. Away then both, and keep him close in some place
From the Duke's sight, and keep the Duke in too,
Make 'em believe both, I'll find Time to cure 'em. [*Exit.*]

Enter Perez, and Estifania, with a Pistol, and a Dagger.

Per. Why how dar'st thou meet me again, thou Rebel,
And know'st how thou hast used me thrice, thou rascal?
Were there not ways enough to fly my Vengeance,
No Holes nor Vaults to hide thee from my Fury,
But thou must meet me Face to Face to kill thee?
I would not seek thee to destroy thee willingly,
But now thou comest to invite me,

And comest upon me,
How like a Sheep-biting Rogue taken i'th' manner,
And ready for the Halter dost thou look now?
Thou hast a hanging look, thou scurvy Thing, hast ne'er a
Nor ever a String to lead thee to Elysium? [*Knife,*
Be there no pitiful 'Pothecaries in this Town,
That have Compassion upon wretched Women,
And dare administer a Drachm of Rats-bane,
But thou must fall to me?

Estif. I know you have Mercy.

Per. If I had Tuns of Mercy thou deserv'st none,
What new Trick is now a-foot, and what new Houses
Have you i'th' Air, what Orchards in Apparition,
What can'st thou say for thy Life?

E

Estif.

Estif. Little or nothing,
I know you'll kill me, and I know 'tis useleſs
To beg for Mercy, pray let me draw my Book out,
And pray a little.

Per. Do, a very little,
For I have farther Buſineſs than thy killing,
I have Money yet to borrow, ſpeak when you are ready,

Estif. Now, now, Sir, now, [*ſhews a Piſtol.*
Come on, do you ſtart off from me,
Do you ſwear, great Captain, have you ſeen a Spirit?

Per. Do you wear Guns?

Estif. I am a Soldier's Wife, Sir,
And by that Privilege I may be arm'd.
Now what's the News, and let's diſcourſe more friendly,
And talk of our Affairs in Peace.

Per. Let me ſee,
Prithee let me ſee thy Gun, 'tis a very pretty one.

Estif. No, no, Sir, you ſhall feel.

Per. Hold, ye Villain, what! thine own Huſband?

Estif. Let mine own Huſband then
Be in's own Wits, there, there's a thouſand Ducats,
Who muſt provide for you, and yet you'll kill me.

Per. I will not hurt thee for ten thouſand Millions.

Estif. When will you redeem your Jewels, I have pawn'd
You ſee for what, we muſt keep touch. [*em,*

Per. I'll kiſs thee,
And get as many more, I'll make thee famous,
Had we the Houſe now!

Estif. Come along with me,
If that be vaniſh'd there be more to hire, Sir.

Per. I ſee I am an Aſs when thou art near me.

Enter Leon, Margarita, and Altea, with a Taper.

Leon. Is the Fool come?

Altea. Yes and i'th' Cellar faſt,
And there he ſtays his good Hour till I call him,
He will make dainty Muſick among the Sack-butts,
I have put him juſt, Sir, under the Duke's Chamber.

Leon. It is the better.

Altea

Altea. H'as given me royally,
And to my Lady a whole load of Portugues.

Leon. Better and better still, go, *Margarita*,
Now play your Prize, you say you dare be honest,
I'll put ye to your best

Marg. Secure your self, Sir, give me the Candle,
Pass away in silence. [Ex. *Leon and Altea.*
[*She knocks.*

Duke. Who's there, oh, oh.

Marg. My Lord.

Duke. (*within*). Have ye brought me Comfort!

Marg. I have, my Lord,
Come forth 'tis I, come gently out, I'll help ye.

Enter Duke in a Gown.

Come softly too, how do you?

Duke. Are there none here?

Let me look round; we cannot be too wary; [*Noise below.*
Oh let me bless this Hour; are you alone, sweet Friend?

Marg. Alone to comfort you.

[*Cacafogo makes a Noise below.*

Duke. What's that you tumble?

I have heard a Noise this half Hour under me,
A fearful Noise.

Marg. The fat thing's mad i'th' Cellar,
And stumbles from one Hog'shead to another,
Two Cups more, and he ne'er shall find the Way out,
What do you fear? come, sit down by me chearfully,
My Husband's safe, how do your Wounds?

Duke. I have none, Lady,
My Wounds I counterfeited cunningly, [*Noise below.*
And feign'd the Quarrel too, to enjoy you, sweet,
Let's lose no Time, hark the same Noise again.

Marg. What Noise, why look ye pale? I hear no stir-
This Goblin in the Vault will be so tippled. [ing
You are not well I know by your flying Fancy,
Your Body's ill at ease, your Wounds.

Duke. I have none, I am as lusty and as full of Health,
High in my Blood.

Marg. Weak in your Blood you would say,
How wretched is my Case, willing to please ye,
And find you so disabled?

Duke. Believe me, Lady.

Marg. I know you will venture all you have to satisfy
Your Life I know, but is it fit I spoil ye, [me,
Is it my Love do you think?

Caca. (below.) Here's to the Duke.

Duke. It nam'd me certainly,
I heard it plainly sound.

Marg. You are hurt mortally,
And fitter for your Prayers, Sir, than Pleasure,
What starts you make? I would not kiss you wantonly,
For the world's Wealth; have I secur'd my Husband,
And put all Doubts aside to be deluded?

Caca. (below.) I come, I come.

Duke. Heaven blefs me.

Marg. And blefs us both, for sure this is the Devil,
I plainly heard it now, he will come to fetch ye,
A very Spirit, for he spoke under Ground,
And spoke to you just as you would have snatch'd me,
You are a wicked Man, and sure this haunts ye,
Would you were out o'th' House.

Duke. I would I were,
O' that Condition I had leapt a Window.

Marg. And that's the least leap if you mean to 'scape, Sir.
Why what a frantick Man were you to come here,
What a weak Man to counterfeit deep wounds,
'To wound another deeper?

Duke. Are you honest then?

Marg. Yes then and now, and ever, and excellent honest,
And exercise this pastime but to shew ye,
Great Men are Fools sometimes as well as Wretches.
Would you were well hurt, with any hope of Life,
Cut to the Brains, or run clear through the Body,
To get out quietly as you got in Sir,
I with it like a Friend that loves ye dearly,
For if my Husband take ye, and take ye thus a Counterfeit,
One that would clip his Credit out of his Honour,
He must kill ye presently.

There

There is no Mercy nor an Hour of Pity,
And for me to intreat in such an Agony,
Would shew me little better than one guilty.
Have you any Mind to a Lady now?

Duke. Would I were off fair,
If ever Lady caught me in a Trap more.

Marg. If you be well and lusty, fy, fy, shake not,
You say you love me, come, come bravely now,
Despise all Danger, I am ready for ye.

Duke. She mocks my Misery, thou cruel Lady.

Marg. Thou cruel Lord, wouldst thou betray my hone-
Betray it in mine own House, wrong my Husband, [sty,
Like a Night Thief, thou dar'it not name by Day-light?

Duke. I am most miserable.

Marg. You are indeed,
And like a foolish Thing, you have made your self so,
Could not your own Discretion tell ye, Sir,
When I was married I was none of yours?
Your Eyes were then commanded to look off me,
And I now stand in a Circle and secure,
Your Spells nor Power can never reach my Body,
Mark me but this, and then Sir be most miserable,
'Tis Sacrilege to violate a Wedlock,
You rob two Temples, make your self twice guilty,
You ruin hers, and spot her noble Husband's.

Duke. Let me be gone, I'll never more attempt ye.

Marg. You cannot go, 'tis not in me to save ye,
Dare you do ill, and poorly then shrink under it?
Were I the Duke *Medina*, I would fight now,
For you must fight and bravely, it concerns you,
You do me double Wrong if you sneak off, Sir,
And all the World would say I lov'd a Coward,
And you must die too, for you will be kill'd,
And leave your Youth, your Honour and your State,
And all those dear Delights you worhipt here

[Noise below.

Duke. The Noise again?

Cacaf. below Some small Beer if you love me.

Marg. The Devil haunts you sure. your Sins are
A drunken Devil too to plague your Villany. [mighty,
Duke.

Duke. Preserve me but this once.

Marg. There's a deep Well
In the next Yard, if you dare venture drowning,
It is but Death.

Duke. I would not die so wretchedly.

Marg. Out of a Garret Window I'll let you down then,
But say the Rope be rotten, 'tis huge high too.

Duke. Have you no Mercy?

Marg. Now you are frightened throughly,
And find what 'tis to play the Fool in Folly.
And see with clear Eyes your detested Folly,
I'll be your Guard.

Duke. And I'll be your true Servant,
Ever from this Hour virtuously to love ye,
Chastly and modestly to look upon ye,
And here I seal it

Marg. I may kiss a Stranger, for you must now be so.

Enter Leon, Juan, Alonzo, Sanchio.

Leon. How do you, my Lord,
Methinks you look but poorly on this Matter.
Has my Wife wounded ye, you were well before,
Pray, Sir, be comforted, I have forgot all,
Truly forgiven too, Wife, you are a right one.
And now with unknown Nations I dare trust ye. [prosper.

Juan. No more feign'd Fights. my Lord, they never

Leon. Who's this? the Devil in the Vault? [studied it.

Alt. 'Tis he, Sir, and as lovingly drunk as though he had

Caca. Give me a Cup of Sack, and kiss me, Lady,
Kiss my sweet Face, and make thy Husband Cuckold,
An Ocean of sweet Sack, shall we speak Treason?

Leon. He is devilish drunk.

Duke. I thought he had been a Devil,
He made as many Noises and as horrible.

Leon. Oh a true Lover, Sir, will lament loudly,
Which of the Butts is your Mistress?

Caca. Butt in thy Belly. [monstrous.

Leon. There's two in thine I am sure, 'tis grown so

Caca. Butt in thy Face.

Leon.

Leon. Go carry him to sleep,
As Fool's Love should be drunk, he has paid well for't too.
When he is sober let him out to rail,
Or hang himself, there will be no Loss of him.

[Exit Caca. and Servant.]

Enter Perez, and Estifania.

Leon. Who's this? My Mau-hound Cousin?

Per. Good Sir, 'tis very good, would I had a House too,
For there is no talking in the open Air,
My Tarmogant Cuz, I would be bold to ye,
I durst be merry too, I tell you plainly,
You have a pretty Seat, you have the Luck on't,
A pretty Lady too, I have mist both,
My Carpenter built in a Mist I thank him,
Do me the Courtesie to let me see it,
See it but once more. But I shall cry for Anger.
I'll hire a Chandler's Shop close under ye,
And for my Foolery, sell Soap and Whip-cord,
Nay if you do not laugh now, and laugh heartily,
You are a Fool, Cuz.

Leon. I must laugh a little,
And now I have done. Cuz, thou shalt live with me,
My merry Cuz, the World shall not divorce us,
Thou art a valiant Man, and thou shalt never want,
Will this content thee?

Perez. I'll cry, and then I'll be thankful,
Indeed I will, and I'll be honest to ye.
I would live a Swallow here I must confess.
Wife, I forgive thee all, if thou be honest,
At thy Peril, I believe, thee excellent.

Estif. If I prove otherwise, let me beg first,
Hold, this is yours, some Recompence for Service,
Use it to nobler Ends than he that gave it.

Duke. And this is yours, your true Commission, Sir,
Now you are a Captain.

Leon. You are a noble Prince, Sir,
And now a Soldier. Gentlemen, we all rejoice in't.

Juan. Sir, I shall wait upon you through all Fortunes.

Alon. And I.

Alon.

Altea. And I must needs attend my Mistress.

Leon. Will you go, Sister?

Altea. Yes indeed, good Brother,
I have two Ties, mine own Blood,
And my Mistress.

Marg. Is she your Sister?

Leon. Yes indeed, good Wife,
And my best Sister,

For she prov'd so, Wench,
When she deceiv'd you with a loving Husband.

Altea. I would not deal so truly for a Stranger,

Marg. Well, I could chide ye,
But it must be lovingly, and like a Sister,
I'll bring you on your Way, and feast ye nobly,
For now I have an honest Heart to love ye,
And then deliver you to the blue Neptune.

Juan. Your Colours you must wear, and wear 'em
proudly,
Wear 'em before the Bullet, and in Blood too,
And all the World shall know
We are Virtue's Servants.

Duke. And all the World shall know, a noble Mind
Makes Women beautiful, and Envy blind. [Exeunt.



EPILOGUE.

GOOD Night our worthy Friends, and may you part
Each with as merry, and as free a Heart
As you came hither; to those noble Eyes
That deign to smile on our poor Faculties,
And give a Blessing to our labouring Ends,
As we hope many, to such Fortune sends
Their own Desires, Wives fair, as light, as chaste;
To those that live by Spight Wives made in haste.

